

**THE UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA
LIBRARY**



**PRESENTED BY THE
WILLIAM A. WHITAKER
FOUNDATION**

LEOPOLD WARNDORF.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

HENRY SUMMERSETT,

AUTHOR OF

THE MAD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, &c. &c. &c.

Inogen. “ Why did you throw me from you ?
“ Think that you are upon a rock, and now
“ Throw me again !”
Posthumus. “ Hang there, like fruit, my foul,
“ Till the tree perish !”

CYMBELINE.

VOL. II.


LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE

Minerva-Press,

FOR WILLIAM LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.

1800.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

LEOPOLD WARNDORF.

THE season was come in which many regrets begin to steal into the breast of man; in which his mind more strongly inclines to whatever is pensive; when an almost unconscious sadness infuses itself in his imagination, and when he often sighs, scarcely knowing the cause, and even while his countenance expresses neither pain, nor regret, nor anxiety.

It was the departure of the third pleasant season. The verdure of the meadows was gone ; the yellow corn, which beautifully waved in the fields, had been cut by the sickle, and nearly a month conveyed to the stack-houses ; the forests no longer invited with their freshness ; the fear branches of the trees had shed their golden honours, and the leaves were choking up those mazes through which it had recently been delightful to wander. Not a covert remained for the Muse ; not a rose was there to be found by her, not a flower that could be placed in a garland. The eye seemed slow to wander over nakedness ; and, if it rested on the fadeless holly,
it

it only conjured up the idea of storms and of freezing skies : if a branch of yew waved before it, the mind reverted to death and the grave, and to those cold and comfortless spots of earth, where the hand of gloomy man more generally plants that melancholy tree.

The jasmine had fallen from the cottage wall, and the sun no longer gleamed on the window in the evening ; the hedge, that fenced it, displayed only its thorns, and the brooklet that wound around it, began to be incrusted with ice. Only one bird would carol, and he, like a little interested warbler, seemed to expect a

reward for his song from the hands of the housewife and her children. There was nothing delightful in the days, and the evenings were thick, damp, and cheerless. The village sports were forgotten, and the flute of poor blind William was no longer heard in the season of quiet: the deep murmurings of the wind, the lowing of the stalled oxen, and the rustlings of the wary partridge among the stubble, or the startling noise made by the up-springing covey, alone disturbed the gloomy tranquillity. Every thing appeared to anticipate the season of rigour and distress; gratitude survived not the blessings which had passed; even the first blasts that were felt
seemed

seemed to have blown it out of man's selfish breast.

It was on a dull and melancholy night in November, and at an hour somewhat late, when Leopold was walking round the village; his musings made him regardless of the coldness of the air, and there were neither pleasure nor happiness in his heart sufficient to warm it. That species of discontent which has just been alluded to, perhaps had taken possession of his bosom. Superior minds, at many periods, are subject to common influence, and nature cannot always be restrained by habit. Such a lover of retirement as Leopold was,

could but mourn to see how greatly the prospect had changed ; the stiffened ground told him it would be long before the flowers of the earth would rise again, and the naked trees informed him that many long and dreary days must pass by before the nightingale would fly from the changing climate afar, to warble and repose among their fresh leaves and branches. The spring that was next to come would, doubtless, produce many a charm, and the ensuing summer might be as bounteous and delightful as that which had gone by. The few solitary sheep would bring forth their playful lambs ; the rough waters of the river would calmly flow between
the

the flowery banks and among the
osiers, and the sweets of May be libe-
rally diffused.

“But where shall I be then?” said
Leopold, “where shall I be then?”

It was not an unoppressive sigh that
accompanied these words, which,
being spoken, he seemed to fold his
arms mechanically, and as he walked
on, his eyes were seldom raised from
the ground.

His reverie was at length broken
by his arriving at a stile which divided
one of the meadows from the
church-yard; he laid his cold hands

B 4

upon

upon the upper rail, and slowly climbed over it : but he went not forward for several minutes, and his head dropped low upon his breast. Still the wind blustered, but he heeded it not ; and though the fog was succeeded by a thick drizzling shower, which was penetrating his clothes, yet they seemed not to him uncomfortable. The moon was full, but invisible ; and by the melancholy light which broke through the starless heavens, he afterwards stalked over the graves till he came to the west angle of the church.

“ This has long been thy sanctuary, mother ! ” he cried. “ This has lately become

become thy resting-place, father!—
Is it ignorant to weep for those who
are for ever wrested from us? I cannot
think it so. The common and
inevitable circumstance for which
thousands daily mourn, I will not have
the vanity to think myself superior to.
They have least philosophy who the
most vaunt of it; and I neither am
nor would presume to be above the
general weakneses of human nature.
Cleave, spirit of my mother, to him
who has lately met thee in the world
of bliss! Take him to thy bosom
for the bounties which he has be-
stowed upon thy unfortunate son!
Were he to be restored to me again,
and again to live an age equal to that
which

which he had first attained, my gratitude and tenderness would not perish even at the end of the second state of existence. I have had few to love me since my birth ; of friends not many ; of relations none ; and in the present hour, if I could derive aught of good from human consolation, who is he that would willingly offer it ? My memory, dear father, from thy precepts shall not stray ; and while I bear myself according to thy directions and examples, I shall fondly think thy mild and approving spirit loves, and is permitted to associate with me. How weak is that man who, believing in the visitations of the dead, quakes at the idea of a re-appearance !

re-appearance ! His fear must arise from a foul imagination, and be occasioned by the absurdity of legends, rather than by the smallest degree of evidence. I have seen my relation, or my friend convulsed, laid stiff and cold in his shroud, and afterwards consigned to the bosom of the earth ; still I admit that he may come again, and believe that at any hour or season he may stand before me. But how ? In what form ?—As a horrid phantom, as a meagre skeleton, or as a corrupt and bloated corse ? Contemptible and absurd !—No ; in no other form than that of an angel, for has he not become such ?—with the placid looks, the soothing smiles which,

in life, he was wont to wear; so must I view him, or see him not at all.—What madman first taught that the pure spirit, having passed the body, would, merely to abuse the world, resume it in a vile, corrupted, or mutilated state?—Ye whom this earth covers, to whom I owe my being and my preservation—ah! if permitted, sometimes deign to appear before the eyes of your Leopold; meet him at the hour of midnight; he will be confident of your love and protection, and not weakly shrink from you.”

He stood ruminating on the same spot almost till the first hour of morning,

ing, when he returned to his home. An old woman, who had lived with the Rector upwards of thirty years, opened the door for him; she had been terrified by his absence, and seeing him wet and pale, she took hold of him with her palsied hand, and drew him near to the fire.

“ Bless me !” she cried, “ how could you frighten me so? Dear Leopold, I have had a thousand fears for you; my heart has been quite sick with them. I have been looking out at the door and at the window, but the night is so thick, and the wind so sharp—ah! I was afraid that you had fallen into the river.—

How

How late the hour is! And you are wet and cold as the dead, and your cheeks are pale. Dear child, where have you been?"

"To the grave of my father!"

"Oh master! Oh my poor master!"

"Ah, let me not distress you, good old woman, by my sorrows; I have been to blame in disturbing your rest."

"Sleep, child, is not so sweet to me as it has been."

“ But it will be hereafter, Gertrude.”

“ Yes, when I sleep like the Rector: he sleeps soundly, sweetly; and my long night of peace is nearly come. But, Leopold, we were of an equal age, both born on one day. We have been like two old trees in the forest; and I always prayed that the axe of Death would fell us both at one hour. Still I must remain withering a little longer.”

“ Good Gertrude!” cried Leopold,
“ you are a sorry nurse to the melancholy. Good night! and for my impropriety in keeping you from your
bed

bed so long, do not rise early in the morning."

"Good night, God blefs you, Sir!
God blefs you, child!"

Leopold immediately went to his chamber, and foon after to bed; but he lay thinking on recent events almost till the appearance of day. By the will of the Rector, who had no kindred, a small annuity was left to the faithful Gertrude; a yearly donation directed towards the indigent parishioners; and the remainder of his fortune was, in terms of tenderness, bequeathed to Leopold.

Two months before his decease he had been speechless ; but every necessary arrangement in his last concerns had been made before that period. He had often previously talked of his dissolution to Leopold, telling him what he was to expect, and advising him on his future manner of living ; however, when the powers of speech failed him, he made it known to his favourite that he had something further to propose, and something to withdraw. He began to write on the subject, and employed himself two mornings in his study ; when he delivered a sealed packet into the hands of Leopold, on which was written—“ When I am buried, peruse these

these papers. Dear boy, I will not any more lead your thoughts towards death."

His voice had failed about a week before the arrival of Count Stendal in the village ; and Leopold had never made him acquainted with the interview which had taken place between him and the friend of his parent, fearing that the agitation it would occasion might be too severe for his feeble frame, and also that, if he were to know of it, he would advise a reconciliation with the father, which the wounded son could not bring himself to agree to. He died, therefore, unknowing of the circumstance ; and
the

the youth thought that, in suffering him to do so, he had saved the old man's heart many a pang.

The grave had been closed nearly a week before Leopold broke the seal of the packet; on the morning following the visitation in the churchyard, he took up the paper, with the intention of learning its contents: but he gazed on it some minutes motionless, and in silence, and afterwards laid it down several times unperused and unopened.

Gertrude brought in his breakfast, and observing the melancholy of his face, affectionately asked him how he
did,

did, and expressed a doubt of his being well. This roused him. He replied, with a thankful smile, that he was not ill : and as soon as she had withdrawn, he put aside his morning repast, and unsealed the letter of his benefactor, the tenor of which he found as underwritten.

“ Though my God has deprived me of the powers of speech, yet not an atom of my love and reverence for him has been crushed. Visited as I am by affliction, I should be an ingrate to murmur ; and if an eternal silence be imposed on my tongue, I have faculties and means still remaining to shew my Leopold my mind,
and

and also to hear the sentiments, and peruse the characters of his own. How idle, wicked, and presumptuous therefore would it be for me to say, either in bitterness or in grief, the blessings of the Almighty are not with me ! and how unjust is he who could say so, while he can raise his eyes to the glories of Omnipotence, and while he can feel the breath of heaven !

“I have lived a long and a happy age ; have survived every companion of my youth ; have marked the growth of forests, and even the mouldering of turrets, which were strong in my spring-days. Shall I mourn that I must moulder likewise ? Shall

I sigh

I sigh that I cannot take on me immortality without going into the grave? and shall I now repine, that to this feeble and common frame Nature did not give the faculties and durable nerves of a giant?

“How long a man should live he ought not to determine: death is an affair which rests alone with God; therefore if the toothless infant falls lifeless from its mother’s breast, the parent should not dare to speak of injustice; or if the mortal, in the bloom of life, sinks into a sleep, and never thereafter awake, let neither his widow nor his children over his grave exclaim against the decree of that
great

great Power, who cannot act unwisely.

“ Think, Leopold, as I do ; and when I am gone, your too gentle and susceptible heart will be nobly fortified ; you will look tenderly and with a degree of calmness on my tomb ; your hand will be chilled by the stone, but your breast will still glow with love for him who rests beneath your feet. Philosophy lies not in apathy, nor true affection in excessive grief. He who knows the full force of the passions, yet checks them before they engender a tempest, has the best claim to the title of a philosopher. Reason will allow us to
feel

feel acutely and very sensibly; he who feels more, generally spends all his sympathies in an early season, and scarcely leaves a mild regret for the future.

“ I have often spoken of the manner in which I wished you to bear yourself when I shall be incapable of advising; and you know I had recommended you to spend your days in rural quiet; to farm some lands in the village in which you have passed so many happy days; to associate with the respectable; to encourage and support the poor; to think no man too mean for your notice, provided he is accredited for honesty; and, finally,

finally, dear Leopold, to take some gentle maiden whom the follies of the world have not tainted, and on her bosom, and in the society of herself, and of the children she should bring you, to participate the delights of love, and the sweets of contentment.

“Thus have I advised, and you have approved; but, for some few nights past, pain keeping me awake, I have thought differently on this subject. You have talents, my boy, you have genius, an honourable mind, a virtuous heart; and your ready acquiescence to whatever I have proposed, convinces me that, having passed your word to abide by my

directions, you would be loth to retract when I am for ever deprived of the power of either applauding or disapproving of the means you feel inclined to adopt.

“ Affection towards me may alone have made you happy in the monotonous life you have hitherto passed ; but when we are separated, to wander no more in the forest, no more to converse with each other, no more to exchange the name of father and of son, then perhaps you may wish to seek for other friends, and in the world to view those things, and to observe the fluctuating occurrences, of which, at present, you have little
more

more than read. It is natural that your inclination should thus direct you ; and I now think it proper that you should go into society. But entertain no fallacious hopes : if you have a fault deserving of correction, it is that of a too warm, a too poetical imagination ;—this, however, will be cured in an early season, for you will see the manifest imperfectibility of human nature, the prevalence of vice, the extent of oppression, and the absurdities and errors of many national as well as individual customs.

“ Now, as I would save you from all vexation and regret, I release you from your engagement, leaving you

the free master of your person, and of the little property which will come to you ; but, at the same time offering another plan in the place of that which I think it just and proper to withdraw.

“ You know Mr. Krotztien, at Vienna—at least you saw him once in this house ; and from his conversation I will leave you to infer whether I may not presume to say that he is my friend. He is a man of fortune and of power, has access to the Cabinet, considerable influence with the Court and Ministry, and is esteemed, as you must have heard, a very able and discriminating statesman. Twenty
years

years ago I was assured that his understanding was not more noble than his heart was good, or his disposition excellent; since that period I have seen little of him, and what he is now I will not attempt to determine. I dare not affirm that he is upright and worthy because at a far distant time I knew him to be so. With this paper, however, you will find a letter addressed to him, which I would have you personally deliver; and you must conclude, from this information, that you are the principal subject of it.

“I have commended you to his protection: if he is willing to allow it, you will receive it with respect; but

if he is uncourteous, let the small independence which you will possess, teach you to meet the repulse with an unbroken spirit. Should you be encouraged, and placed by him in an honourable office, your advantages will be many and agreeable; on the contrary, should you miss the smile of the courtier, hasten back to this peaceful hamlet, and take on you that character which your poor old friend first wished you to assume."

The paper also recommended an early delivery of the letter, and contained some directions concerning the best manner of collecting, and afterwards of applying his property, together

ther with many tender and affecting passages, relating to the separation that was about to take place between them.

Leopold sat musing over the letter of his friend a long time ; it gave a new turn to his thoughts, and he determined on obeying the commands, or rather complying with the wishes of the Rector. He doubted not but that the letter which he was to take to Vienna, was written in a proper style ; that it contained not a single servile phrase, and believed that he who was to present it, and to whom it immediately related, could not be

embarrassed by its contents, whatever they might be.

“It is probable,” he said, “that I shall move in a sphere which I have never thought of entering. My dear friend has always over-rated my abilities, yet I think I have the power of being useful in many situations which are not of the common order. If I meet with a patron, what an excellent chance I shall have of trying the gifts of Nature! I can be arduous in what is noble, and indefatigable in what is honest; at least so I venture in my present state of ignorance to determine. Ha!—My father!—A man of rank—probably connected with the Court;

Court, and with the Ministers—I may see him, may hear him speak—may, in the course of employment, be deputed to converse with him!—Why did I refuse to hear his name?—I will write to Count Stendal.”

He paused long and deeply.

“No, I will never, never know him!” he exclaimed.

The door was opened, but he noticed it not. Gertrude came up to him, but he did not perceive her;—she spoke—he however did not hear her.

“No, I will never, never know him!” he repeated, still more vehemently.

“Sir—Mr. Leopold—did you speak to me?”

“Gertrude!—No. I was saying—indeed I saw you not.”

“Have you made your breakfast, Sir? Shall I take away the things?”

“Yes, if you please, Gertrude, if you please.”

“Good lack! Why you have neither drank nor eaten! Every
6 thing

thing remains untouched, and the fire is gone out! Bless me, child, how you alarm me! Forsake your bed, neglect your food, and look so pale and strangely! I fear you are going the ways of my master. I nursed you in your infancy—ah, God! these withered hands may yet place the pall over your coffin!”

“My good friend, you distress me; you afflict yourself without cause.”

“Your illness and your melancholy are the cause: I have felt sorrow in seeing a flower which had bloomed a long season, thrown on the

earth; but if the bud that is now opening should perish ——”

“It will not, Gertrude; it will survive the present storm, and you will hereafter see it smile and prosper.”

“Well, that is as you should speak, that is as you should look too. I had once a son, Mr. Leopold, who arrived at the age of man; but he was wild and untender, and never half so kind to me as you have been. He is, however, dead, and God, I hope, has admitted his soul into paradise: still he was never so good to me as you have been!”

Gertrude

Gertrude pressed his hand tenderly, and he hesitated not in yielding to the impulse that directed his breast to meet that affectionate woman. A fine lady might have spoken more gracefully, but every possible elegance must have been less forcible than the simplicity of the matron, with whom Leopold retired to another room, in order to take that refreshment which he had before neglected.

In obedience to the directions of his benefactor, he immediately began to employ himself in the arrangement of his affairs ; and in the course of a fortnight, with the assistance of a lawyer, he had converted the devised

property into money, which he transmitted to the Bank at Vienna. Of his intentions he made no one person acquainted; for if they failed, his design was to return at the commencement of the Spring, if not sooner, and to seek for happiness and peace in scenes which were congenial to him. That it was highly probable he should do so, he informed the surprised Gertrude, whose concern for his proposed departure was distressing to herself, and also to him; and who, on the evening he bade her farewell, kissed a cheek which she was persuaded she should never see thereafter.

The

The following morning he began his journey. He was risen soon after the appearance of daylight, and his necessaries had been forwarded to the next post-town, to which, being only a league or two distant, he intended to walk. The air was keen, but healthful. Wrapping his coat around him, and putting himself into a quick motion, he soon acquired a comfortable warmth, and reached the brow of a hill which led to the highway, and on which he stopped, and turned towards the paths he had left behind him.

The whole hamlet lay before his eye, which could have numbered every well-

well-known house and hut; he saw the mansion that he had just quitted, the cottage to which poor Gertrude was about to retire, and the church in which the prayers for the dead had passed over the body of his mother and of his friend; he looked still more minutely, and even distinguished the grave in which they both reposed:—a deep sigh followed his long gaze.

“Farewel, dear and precious objects, farewel! Pure and innocent you are, and in purity and innocence I trust I leave you. Adieu!”

He

He then climbed a stile that separated the pasture and the open road; and as he went forward, the word "Adieu!" frequently passed from him, and his eye was neither dry nor joyous. Those who are habituated to city crowds, and have been bred in them, cannot feel any of the regrets of Leopold; but those who have been more nearly allied to Nature, and have alternately mused in her bowers, and frolicked on her lawns, may have felt emotions similar to those which were in his heart.

The morning after his arrival at Vienna he took the letter of the Rector from one of his boxes, intending

tending to deliver it to the person to whom it was addressed after he had eaten his breakfast. Whilst he looked at it, he began to feel some embarrassment ; but his confidence soon returned, and all was quiet again within his breast.

About noon he was at the door of Mr. Krotztien, but, on enquiring for him, he learned that that gentleman was out of town, and that he would not return for a fortnight. This was a disappointment to Leopold ; but telling the servant he would call again on his master's return, he walked about the city, which was entirely new to him, and which, till he could
obtain

obtain an interview with Mr. Krotztien, he wished to examine minutely.

The expence and inconvenience of living at an inn he soon discovered, and he immediately hired two small apartments in a house that stood in the suburbs, which he preferred to the narrow, noisy, and dirty streets of the town. In noticing the buildings of Vienna, inspecting the various occupations of those who resided there, observing the characters that in quick succession met his eye, and partaking some few of the more general amusements, the time passed away till he found Mr. Krotztien was returned from the country. A most splendid carriage

carriage and retinue went from the door just as Leopold arrived there; and he found, on enquiry, that it belonged to the former friend of the Rector, who was then going to Court, and who could not be spoken to by any person during the remainder of the day. The gold and silver trappings were not regarded by him as favourable to his purpose; the glittering lace of the lacquies seemed to repulse his plain insignificance, and he walked away with no strong hopes in his heart.

At the time mentioned by the porter as that in which his master was to be seen, Leopold presented himself again; and,

and, after an impatient delay, was conducted to Mr. Krotztien, to whom he advanced with respect, and with some slight confusion.

“Your name, Sir,” said the senator, “sounds not familiarly to me : your business, please to communicate it.”

“I was commanded, Sir,” replied Leopold, “I was commanded, Sir, by the Rector of N——, to deliver this letter to you.”

He presented it, bowed, and retired a few paces.

“The

“The Rector of N——?—Oh, I remember. He is well, I hope?”

“Yes, Sir,” said Leopold emphatically, “he is *well*.”

“How, is he dead? Your dress, your manner—is he dead?”

“I mourn to say it, Sir; he is dead!”

“I am very sorry for it,” said Mr. Krotztien.

These words conveyed a direct untruth to the ears of Leopold; they formed a common sentence, were spoken in a common tone of voice, and seemed to have been produced by habit rather than by feeling. He
was

was requested to take a seat. The statesman broke the seal, and was so little discomposed, that he previously examined the armorial impression ; it is true that he took a sufficient time in reading it, but from the first line to the last his features neither contracted nor relaxed ; and the reperusal of a manifesto, which he had dictated to his secretary, would have created an equal degree of interest.

“ This letter, Mr. Warndorf,” he said, putting it aside carelessly, “ has created a great deal of concern, a great deal I assure you. I formerly knew the writer very well ; he was a very good sort of a man.”

“ He

“ He was a very excellent man!”
cried Leopold with energy.

“ True, a very excellent man, I
am willing to confess. As a divine,
he was—he was ——”

“ Learned and pious ; and such a
servant to God as the master must
have approved.”

“ A remark similar to your own,
young gentleman, I was going to
make ; and I am assured that in his
private character, as it is called, he
never failed to—to—”

“ He

“He never failed, Sir, to display, on every proper occasion, the qualities of honesty, of friendship, of affection, and of benevolence.”

“I can believe it; and the manner in which you speak of him evinces your gratitude: it is a commendable trait in your character, young man; for he tells me in this letter that you are merely his adopted son.”

Convinced that the word “merely” stood not in the epistle of his dear deceased benefactor, Leopold, though he felt the indelicacy of the introduction of it, answered—

“I was such as you mention.”

“He also tells me,” said Mr. Krotztien, “that you have been well educated, that he thinks you would appear to advantage in some public employment, and that you would not dishonour your patron, provided one could be found for you. He had great confidence: pray what can you say to all this?”

“Simply thus, Sir,” replied Leopold, with a rising spirit, “that his confidence was generous, noble, and shall never be abused. That I hope I shall never dishonour my employer, however honourable he himself may be.”

“Indeed,”

“Indeed,” said Mr. Krotztien, “you have a very ready understanding, quick comprehension—very energetic I protest. It is, no doubt, unnecessary to inform you that my old friend, the Rector, has strongly recommended you to me; and I do assure you that it would give me more than a common pleasure to be of any essential service to you.”

“Sir, I sincerely thank you.”

“But you come to me in a most unlucky season; for the influence which I once possessed is considerably diminished. Some political circumstances, some disunion in sentiment—you

comprehend?—I am inexpressibly concerned that you should apply to me in such an inopportune moment. It was only yesterday that I entered the names of two young men of family, but of reduced fortune, on my list; and it may be a long time before my means will come up to my wishes, even in regard to them.”—

“Untutored as I am,” thought Leopold, “I am capable of reading this modern volume.”—

“It appears then, Sir,” he cried, “that I cannot reasonably form any expectations of success. I am obliged to you for your candour, and shall
console

console myself with the moderate independence which I can yet enjoy in a limited society."

"Independence!—Indeed—I am very glad of it. But be not too hasty in your conclusions, for I again declare myself your willing friend. There are many fluctuations in these things, but no regular tides. You positively shall stand my third chance, and I will pass your name among my very best friends."

His warmth seemed to increase, but so did not Leopold's belief in him: he desired the young man to call on him in the course of three or

four days, and condescended to walk to the door with him when he retired.

“ Were I assured,” said Leopold to himself on his return home, “ that this being corresponded with the generality of statesmen, I should no longer wonder at the oppressions heaped on nations, or at the frequency of wars and massacres ; for I could almost fancy that Cunning actually begat him upon the bosom of Apathy. When he spoke of the man whom he called his friend, how cold, how insensible ! A Laplander would have looked more feelingly, and expressed himself more warmly. This man is changed, my dear benefactor, if he
ever

ever did possess those qualities which you spoke of. I will try, but not depend on, his friendship."

Leopold, on his entrance, had thrown himself into a chair, without shutting the door of his apartment; and he rose for the purpose of doing it, when a person, who came from a room above, passed hastily by, but so close to him as to brush against his hand. Without designing it, he threw his eyes upon the face of the stranger, and saw in it youth, female loveliness, and dejection; and though his view were so transient, he perceived the blush of innocent confusion spreading upon her cheeks. In the

D 4

afternoon

afternoon of the same day he again met the young stranger on the staircase; he looked earnestly at her, but perceiving that she was embarrassed by his notice, he accommodated her in passing, and respectfully took off his hat—a mark of politeness which she returned with a sweetness that went to his heart.

Her face was nearly half concealed; still much loveliness was visible. In one hand she carried a bottle, and in the other a small loaf of bread; and she went up the stairs as if she were afraid of disturbing some person who was either ill or sleeping. So Leopold thought, and her extreme caution

tion made her appear still more amiable. She employed his mind much during the day, and on his return at night he enquired of the servant whether the young lady he had met belonged to her mistress's family. The girl informed him that the person of whom he spoke was a new lodger, who was living on the floor above with her mother, and that they had not been there above a week, but long enough to make her mistress repent of taking them in, as the sickness of the elder, and their manner of living, proved that their circumstances were very low and mean.

“Let your mistress fear nothing,” cried Leopold; “let her treat the mother and daughter with respect; I will be responsible for whatever debt they may contract.”

“Do you know them, Sir?” said the girl; “have you seen them?”

“I have seen only the daughter, whose loveliness ——”

“Ah ha!” cried the servant, “I guess at it. The young lady, Sir, is indeed very beautiful, but I would lay my life you will never succeed in your designs. I am convinced, by
her

her goodness, and by what I overheard this morning, that you will not."

"I have no designs," cried Leopold, "only such as an honest man should have. But what did you overhear this morning?"

"A melancholy sigh from her apartment, so long and deep, that it seemed to roll through my soul."

"You felt as you ought," said Leopold, affected; "go on."

"I stopped.—'Support us, God of Heaven! forsake us not, I implore thee. If death should chill this bosom, let me die on it before it shall

be wholly cold!"—These words followed the moan that I had heard. I looked through the key-hole; the daughter had thrown herself, and was locked in the arms of her mother!"

Leopold turned from the girl, and by pretending to want something, he sent her out of the room. His emotions could no longer be checked; and had he not affected to cough, he must have sobbed aloud. This sensibility may be deemed unfitting a man; but Nature, not Leopold, was amenable for the fault, if such any one shall presume to call it."

On the two following days he saw nothing of the interesting young creature, and he forbore to ask any further questions either of his landlady or her servant. On the third morning he thought it proper to wait upon Mr. Krotztien, and he accordingly went to his house at the same hour that he had visited him before. It was with no great concern that he heard the statesman was then going out, though there were other men waiting in the hall, whose business, he conceived, to be similar to his own, who received the intelligence with impatience and chagrin.

Mr.

Mr. Krotztien was then coming from the anti-room, and was passing the hall while Leopold took the answer of the servant. The man of power smiled, and bowed, as he walked along—

“Your most obedient, gentlemen; I am glad to see you—particular engagement—some other time if you will be pleased to call—good morning to you!”

This jargon was indiscriminately directed. Some of those who had before been frowning, were actually flattered by this mock condescension; but Leopold laughed behind his hat

at

at their credulity, and his former opinion seemed more strongly corroborated.

“Can any man be so spiritless, so degraded,” he cried, after he had left the portico, “as to continue, for any great length of time, this servile attendance? Can he be blind to the contempt that is directed towards him? Even the servants of the despiser draw up their lips at him. I have been told that many necessitous beings will miserably feed on hope, in great men’s dwellings, from an early state of manhood till age creeps upon them. Would I do so? Rather let an acre of waste be allotted to me, together

together with a spade, a hoe, and some few necessary implements—I would build a hovel with clay and furze, would plant my ground with roots, live upon the produce, and at morning and at night sing the wild song of independence before I would bend before or sue to these dignified scoffers !”

At some little distance from his home he met his charming inmate ;—he felt much inclined to accost her, but, on looking at her face, which she turned towards the ground, he saw that her pale cheeks were moistened with tears. She perceived, and recollected him ;—drawing her hat still
more

more over her eyes, and hastening forward, she entered the house, and ran up the stairs before he could reach the door without rudely quickening his pace. The statesman and his own disappointments were instantly forgotten, and he went into his apartment with a depressed spirit. His dinner, which was brought up to him, he neglected; and his wine he could neither commend nor disapprove, for he did not taste it. Perhaps the unhappy strangers above might be wanting what he could not with pleasure partake of; his fowl would be proper food for the sick woman, and his liquor would perhaps invigorate her feeble body.

“I will

“ I will send them up ; I will take them myself,” cried Leopold, raising the dish from the table.

How often are the best and most noble motives of man checked and repulsed by ridiculous customs !

“ What am I about to do ?” he continued ; “ to make myself conspicuous by being charitable, and perhaps to act rudely when I wished to act kindly. I perceive the younger of these strangers to be very unhappy. I pity her ; but I ought not to tell her so, lest it should increase her misery. The girl says they appear to be well bred. There is a genuine and independent

independent spirit which poverty can never curb ; it reigns not indeed in every breast, but in the mother of this young creature it may be yet unsubdued. No, I cannot proceed in this business with the little knowledge that I possess of the characters of these women."

To avoid singularity, he afterwards ate a part of his fowl, and drank some of the wine ; still he wished these refreshments could have been enjoyed by those whose wants were greater than his own.—Sudden and immediate love has been allowed as possible ; and many may suppose that Leopold had been inspired with that passion :

such

such, however, was not the case; his feelings were all kindred to pity, and he was prompted only by humanity. He had seen but little of the stranger's face; he was convinced, however, that she had a considerable share of beauty: and so every person had allowed whose eyes ever met the countenance of Augusta Marilli.

Isabella and her daughter were really in a state of wretchedness: having voluntarily made themselves almost beggars, they consoled each other with the hope of being supported by their own ingenuity and industry. The greater share of necessary talents was in Augusta, the mind of her mother having

having been averse to what are termed female accomplishments:—in embroidery she had great taste and delicacy, and by employing herself strictly in that art, she happily thought she should be able to support herself and her mother. She worked, and offered her performances for sale ; but she soon found that she had estimated her own abilities too highly, that her employment was the same which a thousand young women scantily supported themselves by, and that a very small emolument was to be gained by the means which she used for the subsistence of herself and her dear parent.

The

The concern of Isabella was far from being equal to that of her daughter ; she smiled at every disappointment, and even seemed inclined to mirth when their meal was scanty : but Augusta knew the nature of her mother's feelings, and was nearly distracted when she beheld her strange conduct. A sigh never passed from the breast of Altenburg's mistress, a tear never rose in her eye when Augusta was present, but the vacancy of her looks, the frequent and long stare, and her inconsistent answers, were infinitely more alarming than any expression of grief or of sorrow.

On

On the day that Leopold had seen Augusta in tears, she had been on an unsuccessful errand ; and though she was grieved to do it, she was obliged to confess her disappointment to her mother, who had two or three days previous to that felt an indisposition, which she could not conceal.

“ I will allow no tears, Augusta,” she cried ; “ all the miseries of human life could not draw one from my eye at this time. I have no longer any feelings ; my heart is apathy all over ; neither joy nor sorrow can in any wise affect it. I can almost believe in the metamorphic power ; for the spire of yonder church has as many sensibilities

sensibilities as I have—nay, *that* will shake when the storm rages, but I am a huge rock of adamant, which the universal crush alone can destroy, or put into any state of motion.”

Many speeches similar to this she had of late been in the habit of making, but towards the evening, she talked still more alarmingly: all the night she muttered away; in the morning she could not leave her bed, and as the day advanced, her disorder seemed to increase. The anguish of Augusta became insupportable; she had nothing comfortable to give her mother, no money to procure any thing that was necessary. Half frantic, she drew the
curtains

curtains of the bed, snatched up her cloak, and ran out of the house, in order to sell it. With a part of the money which she obtained for it, she bought a bottle of wine ; but, in her hurry she broke it just as she was entering the room. Still she preserved a glass full, and put it to the lips of Isabella, who drank it without taking any notice of the person who gave it to her.

“ My mother ! dear mother ! ” cried the daughter, “ how are you now ? ”

“ Ask that of the damned,” cried Isabella, “ and they will give you my
VOL. II. E answer.

answer.—Oh, I am—Come, we will go together.”

She was rising from her bed : Augusta, unable any longer to conquer her terror, started from her, and ran shrieking out of the room. She knew not whither she went, and in a minute she was lying almost breathless on the bosom of Leopold. She could not speak, but she clung to him, and directed her finger towards the door. Her screams had brought up the servant of the house, and her looks impressed those who saw them with an idea of her insanity. Breaking from the arms of Leopold, she took hold of the girl's hand, and was draw-

ing her to her mother's chamber; but the servant shewing extreme reluctance to follow, Augusta entreated Leopold to go up with her.

He apprehended that the woman above had committed an act of suicide; but on entering the room, he discovered her lying quietly in bed, with her eyes fixed on the ceiling. Augusta threw herself on her knees, and kissed the cheek of her mother. Isabella regarded her not, neither did she seem to hear the words which were addressed to her. Leopold was now assured of her situation, and with a brotherly affection he enquired of

Augusta what had brought these miseries on herself and her parent.

“The cruelty of man, the violation of oaths ; poverty, want, and despair !” exclaimed the daughter.

“Good God !” cried Leopold ;
“yet do not distract yourself ;—the infanity of your mother has been of no long date I presume ?”

“Strange she has been for many days ; but it was only this morning that——Oh my mother !”

“Dear girl, you will destroy yourself. Your mother may soon be well again ;

again ; perhaps to-morrow her reason may return. Some proper food, some nourishing cordials——”

“ And where are they to be got? The beggars in the streets are Kings and Princes compared to us.”

Leopold ran out of the room ; he however returned in a moment : his hands trembled, tears were rolling from his eyes, and he brought with him some wine and biscuits, and placed them on a table.

“ From a stranger, a man whom I know not,” said Augusta, “ this generosity—Oh no—it must not be. God

blefs you, Sir, but I cannot accept these things."

"You must, you shall," cried Leopold; "it is even a duty in you to take them. What induces me to give them?—Humanity! If you reject them, you cannot know what humanity is; for what I now offer you, may be the means of saving your mother's life: should she perish for the want of them, you must become culpable and sinful."

"Give them to me!—God Almighty reward you! My mother has called man a polished savage; I find he may be an angel!—Drink, my
unhappy

unhappy parent, drink—drink—Oh, I shall die before her!”

“Miserable creature,” cried Leopold, “exert yourself, rely on Providence, and you and your mother will yet be happy.”

“Never! never!” exclaimed Augusta in despair.

“Does he say so?” cried Isabella, starting; “but tell the secret murderer that he has opened a passage for the blood of an innocent heart, and he will cry—“never never!”

Augusta, in her terror, again seized the hand of Leopold, but seeing her mother apparently composed, she once more drew near to the bed. Leopold withdrew, but previously whispered the servant, who had followed them, to stay in the chamber till he returned. He met the mistress of the house below ; and assuring her that he would satisfy her demand on the unfortunate women, he requested her to procure a nurse as soon as possible, and also to recommend him to a Doctor of reputation. In less than an hour he came back with a man of acknowledged skill ; and having stepped to the surprised and grateful Augusta to acquaint her with the intended visit,

visit, he went down again, and almost immediately after introduced the Doctor.

Augusta received him, and replied to his enquiries with emotion ;—he went up to his patient, took hold of her hand, and spoke to her ; but there was much spirit and incoherence in her answers, which again served to terrify her daughter, who turned her sad eyes upon the Doctor, and whispered to him her fears. He however strove to quiet her by telling her, that the derangement was owing to a fever, which he hoped would soon leave her, and at the same time take with it the strange images of the mind ;

and as to her vehemence and resistance, he held them to be more favourable than tameness and melancholy. Poor Augusta had much sorrow in her heart, and she turned towards Leopold, who had been a quiet, but not an unaffected, observer of the scene. The Doctor departed, and afterwards sent some draughts for his patient, which were administered by the nurse that had been provided; and Leopold having ordered some other refreshments to Augusta's chamber, retired to his own room, having previously entreated her not to neglect herself in her extreme care for her mother.

He

He was conscious that he had acted rightly in this melancholy concern : much curiosity had he still to satisfy ; but, anxious as he was to know more of the strangers, he could not, at a time like that, advance any questions to the poor afflicted girl, who mourned so seriously for her mother. The youth and beauty of the one impressed scarcely more than the piercing eyes and the expressive countenance of the other ; and at first he could hardly believe Isabella to be old enough for the mother of a girl of seventeen. In both of them he discovered a considerable share of beauty. The mental derangement of Isabella distorted not her face, but only gave a greater

strength to her fine and noble features; an uncommon lustre frequently beamed from her eyes, and the fever had thrown a high colour upon her smooth brown cheek. The complexion of Augusta was much fairer; and, wanting the bloom of health, and the smile of happiness, she seemed, like the first flower of the year, to claim, and also to deserve much cherishing.

When Leopold again went to the chamber, he saw the mother sleeping; the daughter was sitting near to her, with looks more composed, and with her hands clasped, as if her last thoughts had been devotional. It

was

was a picture highly delightful to the eye of Leopold, who gazed alternately on the forlorn strangers. Fearing that he might make some noise, he silently withdrew to the door; but Augusta rose, and walking lightly across the chamber, stopped him on the landing-place of the stairs.

“Friend,” she cried, “worthy friend! my mother sleeps, sleeps sweetly! The fever is high, but the Doctor gives me hope, the nurse gives me hope; and, if she recover, dear stranger, all the blessings of my heart will be too few for you!”

Her

Her face was placed very near to Leopold's, one of her hands inclosed his own, and the other was innocently plaid upon his shoulder:—there was no artifice in this—it was the look, the attitude of Nature; and such the heart of Leopold willingly allowed them. The one returned to the bedside of her mother, the other to his own apartment.

“What loveliness!” cried Leopold, “what innocence! I can believe that she is artless, and that there are some marks of honesty in my face, which have caused her to think generously of me. For what I have done, I am rewarded; one of those looks would repay

repay me for a thousand better services.

The Doctor visited Isabella again in the evening; the fever was still high, and while he was standing over her, she awoke with a shriek: still he had not any serious fears for her safety. He ordered some other medicines to be given to her; and before Leopold went to bed, he found that she was again composed, and slumbering. The next day, however, her flesh was almost scorched, and her brain was become more seriously affected: the Doctor then looked on her with considerable gravity. Augusta scarcely retained her senses; and

Leopold

Leopold feared that Death was within a short march of the half subdued mortal. Five days more she continued in this state; on the sixth the fever abated; on the seventh—she knew and spoke reasonably to her daughter.

“Speak to me again, my dear mother!” cried the joyful girl.

“Augusta! My precious child!”

“God, I thank thee! God, I praise thee! God, I will ever adore thee!”

Isabella was again going to talk to her daughter, but was overpowered
by

by faintness, when Augusta brought her some wine, and put it to her lips.

“Whence comes this?” said Isabella; “how long have I been ill?”

“Nine days, dear mother!”

“So long, and yet not famished!—I remember our—ha! has the Baron—you could not accept of his—”

“I have not seen him, have received nothing from him; but I have met a friend, a stranger, a good and excellent man! Under heaven I believe there is no one better. You must see him, mother.”

“I must

“ I must thank him for his *charity*.”

“ You must not ; it will drive him from you. He calls himself an agent of Providence, and will not take what is alone due to the Power under which he acts.”

“ Is there such a man in this inhuman world ?” said Isabella ; “ if there be—Ah, I am still faint ! Raise me, Augusta. Oh, how happy again to meet the bosom of my child !”

Her mind now dwelt chiefly on the information of her daughter.—
Saved by a stranger, a young and
handsome

handsome man!—Her disposition had once been generous, liberal, and unsuspecting; but since the desertion of Altenburg, of him in whom she had for many years confided, it had become doubtful and misanthropic. She looked on Augusta, her innocent, her beautiful child—

“Dare he?” she cried, “dare he?”

“What, who, mother?” cried Augusta, fearful of her senses being again wandering.

“Oh nothing, my girl, nothing. Let me see this friend to-morrow;

“I am

I am the benefitted object, and my gratitude must—I am not strong enough to day, but let me see him to-morrow.”

Augusta had not a single suspicion of her own, and she did not catch at those of her mother, whose emotions she believed arose from an uncurbed spirit ; and she doubted not but that the modesty and unpresuming manners of their friend would quell this internal disturbance. She saw Leopold in the evening in his own apartment ; there was a joyous smile upon her face, an expression in her eyes, and a lightness in her steps, which made her appear an exquisite creature. The
imagination

imagination of Leopold, which perhaps too often resembled that of a bard, recurred to a sweet description he had somewhere read of a sylph, or wood nymph; and he thought the present reality more delightful than the past vision.

The intelligence of Augusta was given with an unaffected pathos, and her voice might truly have been called musical: the ear of him who listened to her was charmed, and if her beauties had not increased, at least he thought they had most enchantingly.

“You will take the acknowledgments of my mother to-morrow,”
she

she cried ; “ you will find her capable of discoursing reasonably with you. She will survive, wholly recover; then what have we to fear? Think not ill of us, Sir, if our names should be concealed from you; if we were to tell you them, that could neither make your generosity more kind, nor our esteem more strong and sincere. Prosperity was lately with us, but she is gone, and I would forget her.”

“ Oh that I could recal her to you!” cried Leopold, warmly; “ Oh that I could lead you again into her arms!”

He

He unconsciously took her hand, pressed it, and gazed upon her face, which was instantly blushing. He felt the impropriety of his conduct, loosened his hold, and placed himself in a chair.

“To-morrow then, Sir,” said the confused Augusta, “to-morrow my mother may expect—you will—I shall see you?”

“Yes,” replied Leopold, “yes, I shall see you.”

She left the room, and for some minutes after her disappearance his eyes did not turn from the door.

“From

“From whence are these sensations derived?” he asked himself. “I have compassionated thousands of mortals, of different sexes, ages, and complexions; have stretched my services for them to the length of my capacity, and seen many of them afterwards smiling, and heard others attributing their happiness to me. But my present feelings are new—they are delightful! Augusta has certainly been the inspirer of them, and Augusta must certainly be beloved.”

On the morrow he went up to the chamber of the sick woman, and was introduced to her. Isabella started, and in silence gazed strongly on him; recalling her thoughts, however,

which had apparently for a moment been wandering, she put forth her hand, and expressed her sense of his kindness and humanity. It was a noble gratitude she gave him, and such an one as did not confuse him to accept; and his reply was that of a fellow-being, who was conscious of his duties—not that of a benefactor, who was proud of his deeds. His manner reached the heart of Isabella, and she was no longer humiliated; he appeared to her such a man as she had wished, but not expected to find; she pressed his hand between her's, and raising it to her lips, he felt a tear drop upon it.

Leopold, fearing that the emotions of Isabella might endanger her weak frame, soon after retired, having previously requested that he might be admitted again ; which Isabella, to the pleasure of Augusta, readily assented to.

In the evening, and till then many a delicious thought had been in his mind, Leopold gently knocked at the door of their apartment, and put a basket into the hand of Augusta.

“ How is your mother to-night ? ”
he enquired ; “ is she better ? ”

“ Oh

“ Oh much better, Sir,” replied Augusta cheerfully.

“ And yourself, young lady, I hope you are well ?”

“ Yes, I thank you, well and happy !”

“ God be praised ! His blessings on you both ! Good night—I will not now intrude—I cannot—good night, good night !”

He went quickly down the stairs, and she carried to her mother the basket, which contained some nourishing provision and excellent wine.

Isabella turned from it, and her spirit was rising; but Augusta found a slip of paper, on which the donor had written a few emphatic words, which altered the tide of her mother's feelings.

“I will not wound this excellent man,” she cried, “for I never before saw such true benevolence. I shall, I think, soon regain my strength, and till then I will not refuse his bounty. He is good and excellent ——”

“And so very handsome!” cried Augusta, artlessly; “do you not think so, mother?”

“Yes,”

“Yes,” answered Isabella, with a deep sigh, and she pressed her hand on her forehead.

“What, do you not think him handsome?” said Augusta, not satisfied with the tone of the reply.

“Yes,” Isabella repeated, and she laid her face on the pillow. Augusta was not pleased with this accordant monosyllable; but thinking that her mother wished to sleep, she gently drew the curtain, and went to a distant part of the room.

For several successive days Leopold was in the chamber; and when

Isabella received him in her chair, he expressed such a lively and unaffected pleasure, that her astonishment and admiration increased.

Better able to hold conversation, she now discovered that, with a fine person, he possessed an excellent understanding; which was an opinion similar to one he had formed of her. His manner was free, but affectionate; and it was evident that the corruptions of the world, though he was not ignorant of their existence, had not yet reached him. The feelings he caused to rise within her breast, were nearly those of a mother; his respect and delicacy were alike directed towards her

her and her daughter; his eyes never assumed the smallest freedom, his tongue never expressed an improper word, and one evening he ingenuously confessed to them his name and situation. Though, at the same time, he protested he had not a wish to draw from her confidence, yet Isabella was pained that she could not be equally explicit; but the world had been busy with her appellation and concerns, had spoken injuriously of her—even Leopold, stranger as he was, might have heard some of its remarks and aspersions, and though she condemned the malice that had pursued her, she was yet too weak to speak on a theme which required compo-

sure and energy. Augusta saw the distress of her mother, but in a few minutes she smiled it away ; her disturbance had also been noticed by Leopold, who suspecting that he had acted wrong, strove to atone, by speaking on some general subjects.

The day following this meeting, Leopold went again to the Minister, who condescended to see him; he had however to listen to a tale which, he was assured, had been often told, and to attend to some common promises and regrets, in which he was convinced there was little or no sincerity. He withdrew in disgust, and for a while his temper was much disturbed ; but
as

as he went homeward, his mind reverted to his former agricultural plan, and hope presenting a fair vision to his eyes in a female form, he met Isabella with a happy countenance, and happier it became when he saw the improvement of her interesting face. Augusta was not in the room; but soon afterwards she entered precipitately, and running up to her mother, incautiously exclaimed—

“ Good heaven! we are discovered. I have seen Grotz, and he is coming up the stairs.”

“ I will die before he shall enter!” said Isabella, rising from her chair;

“I will perish before I bear another insult!”

“Who shall dare to insult you?” cried Leopold; “suffer me to interpose, and to chastise the intruder.”

“Oh, no, no!” said Isabella; “he is an old man, a good man; but his employer——Age has made him thoughtless, and he may tell—Pray, Sir, retire—yet stay—Augusta, go you and desire—no, I will see him myself.”

“You must not, dear mother!” said Augusta, “your spirits——”

“Are

“Are roused, and capable of bearing me through any scene!” cried Isabella, with an enlarged voice, and with a dignity which astonished Leopold. “Will you allow me, Sir,” she added, “the use of your apartment for a few minutes?”

“Most readily: let me assist you down the stairs.”

“I thank you, but do not need assistance. I hear them coming.”

“My arm, mother,” said the trembling Augusta—

“Is not wanted, my girl; I can walk without it. I wonder while I feel my own powers, for I could—they come; remain where you are.”

She shut the door, descended the first flight of stairs, and at the bottom met the steward, and also a person whom she had never before seen. She entered Leopold's apartment, and cast her eyes, full of disdain, upon Grotz; but the old man sunk upon the floor, and sobbed as violently as ever he had done in his childhood. Isabella had prepared herself to chastise him for his insolence; but when she saw how much he was affected, and read in his old face the legible characters

characters of love and grief, she was subdued, and offered her hand to assist him in rising. He fixed his lips upon it.

“ Oh this hand !” he cried, “ Oh that sad and altered face ! Ah God ! Madam, I wish I had not seen you !”

“ Grotz,” replied Isabella, “ Grotz, I have been ill ; I thank you for your concern ; but you must leave me—instantly too.”

“ I will go, Madam ; I have long been seeking for you, but I will go. I have no business, and my affection I see offends you.”

“ Nay,

“Nay, nay, you mistake, good old man ; I ever respected you.”

“God blefs you for it, lady ; but I will retire ; this gentleman muft, however, fpeak with you.”

“Stay, Grotz :—of this gentleman I know nothing ; of the Baron I will *hear* nothing.”

“Madam,” replied the ftranger, “I do not know the Baron, have never feen, fpoken to, or received any directions from him. I believe I find in you Signora Ifabella Marilli ?”

“That

“That is my name,” she answered, restraining her wonder.

“You were formerly of Venice, Madam?”

“These questions, to what do they tend?—But—yes, I was formerly of Venice.”

“Soon after you left Italy, your father died?”

“So I have been informed,” said Isabella, sighing.

“Your elder brother survived him only eight years?”

“I have

“I have long known the circumstance, but never mourned for him—I loved him not.”

“About a twelvemonth ago your younger brother fell in a duel.”

“Indeed!—My younger!—Poor Antonio, I can still weep for thee!”

“You had only one sister, I believe? Her days ended in a Convent.”

“She gone too—I hope she is with God!”

“And your mother, Madam—”

“Hold,

“Hold, hold,” cried Isabella. She paused, and wept. “My mother, there you touched me tenderly—she is dead?”

“She died about two months after the fall of Signor Antonio: I prepared her will some few days before her dissolution, and she commanded me to present it to you. My search has been long and difficult, but I now give you the paper, which I wish you to peruse.”

“What!” exclaimed Isabella, almost frantically, “to read the curses of her who bore me?—Let me go—I shall

shall make my brain mad if I listen to you."

"Stay, Madam," said the Notary, "you misconceive. Your mother's fortune, owing to the extravagance of her eldest son, was not very large; but such as it was, she bequeathed it in tender terms to you, her daughter Isabella."

"To me! to me!—Support me, God!—I knew not that I *could* feel thus."

"And this paper," said the stranger, "was written by her not many hours before she expired."

He

He presented it to Isabella; she took it hastily, and threw her eyes distractedly upon the writing.—

“I am dying, but I shall die in peace with you! I have cursed you—Bless you! bless you!”——

It contained no more. Isabella uttered a loud shrill scream, and fell senseless on the floor. Augusta and Leopold were with her in an instant; the former was filled with terror, the latter with amazement; and the old steward, who had thrown himself beside Isabella, was violently affected. Augusta, however, entreated him, and also the stranger, to retire before the
senses

senses of her mother returned, lest her relapse might be more dangerous; and with this desire they complied, previously informing the surprised and agitated girl that they would come again on the morrow.

Isabella soon after opened her eyes upon her daughter, and sobbed upon her bosom, when Leopold instantly withdrew, and the cause of this new affliction was explained to Augusta, who, dearly as she loved her mother, and pitied her sorrows, felt an inward satisfaction which she did not dare to express. Isabella many times read the few words of her departed mother, and she was not
much

much composed when Grotz and the Notary called on her the following day ; but before she spoke to the latter, she took the former aside, and commanded him not to apprize Baron Altenburg of her circumstances, or place of residence ; when she learned of the steward that his Lord was gone to England.

She started, but immediately turned to the Notary, who was very explanatory in the affairs which he had hinted at on the preceding day : he informed her of the sum that she might expect, and also named six weeks as the period within which she would be in the possession of it. After
this

this they had only two more meetings ; the Notary then left Vienna, but the affectionate Grotz entreated that he might sometimes call on and see his Lady and Augusta ; which was not denied by either of them.

Isabella still continued pale and unhappy ; but at the end of a week, perceiving that Augusta watched her anxiously, she was more guarded in her looks and actions, and strove to converse with composure.

Leopold had not congratulated her on what many would have called her good fortune ; but he had, in delicate terms, expressed his satisfaction on the
change

change of her circumstances, and entreated her to let his purse become a joint supply till the Notary made his promised remittances; to which she had thankfully and unreservedly consented.

Though the space allotted by her heart to Leopold had never been a narrow one, still she had always closely observed his conduct; and though she was convinced that her first hasty suspicions were unjust, yet she now, with some concern, perceived that friendship for one object had engendered love for another. He seemed to be always upon his guard, always cautious in speaking to, or looking at
the

the unsuspecting Augusta ; but Isabella's discrimination was strong, and she often drew just inferences when conversing with apparent indifference, and deeply scrutinized what she scarcely seemed to look on. Leopold's affection was evident to her, but she loved him herself, and did not doubt his honour ; still she was pained by her own assurances, as the acquaintance might probably end in unhappiness and regret. She knew little of him, but she was convinced of his understanding being good, and his heart excellent ; he had told her some things relating to himself, and his circumstances, without being altogether explicit ; nor had she wished him to be
so,

so, as she could not repose in him an equal confidence.

Leopold still spent much of his time with them, nor could Isabella oppose it: he sometimes played on the flute, sometimes sung to them, and he often brought home some interesting book, and read to them on an evening;—but his eyes frequently wandered from the page, and fixed on Augusta; and though he turned them again on the volume when he came to the gathered period, yet Isabella was not unmindful of the circumstance, on which she silently commented.

Whenever Leopold was alone, he found himself uneasy ; he was too romantic to think his love improper, though it was fixed on the daughter of a stranger, whose name and character were alike unknown to him, and of whom many men would have had no small number of suspicions. He believed his happiness depended on Augusta. Sometimes he despaired of ever attaining the object, and sometimes he indulged strong hopes of possessing the first woman he had ever loved. The felicities of rural life, and of calm independence, would at the same time enter his mind ; and in the village in which he was born, he thought of finding, with his
Augusta,

Augusta, all the joys which were supposed to pertain to Arcadia.

The Notary had not been unmindful of his promise; for the fortune of Isabella's mother, which had previously been gathered in, was punctually remitted to her at Vienna, and she found that it would yield an annual competence for herself and her daughter. The loan that she had received from Leopold she returned; but she did not offer to pay him for those services in which his humanity and benevolence had been so distinguishable.

Augusta felt the advantages of this unexpected independence, and so did Isabella, but the happiness of the latter was not much increased: she evidently struggled hard to subdue the grief, of which she spoke not; and though the natural vigour of her soul and mind would frequently discover itself, yet sometimes she felt a dejection, which she could neither banish nor conceal. Altenburg and England, were words which she would often repeat when she was alone; but she never suffered them to reach the ear of her daughter, and she had strictly commanded Grotz not to apprize Augusta of the Baron's journey.

The

The winter season had commenced with rigour, and Leopold often claimed a place at the fire-side of his female friends. He had paid his last disgusting visit to the oily statesman, had renounced every thought depending on Courts and Ministers, and his mind again turned towards his native village, in which perhaps Augusta might make his happiness complete. This hope, however, was sometimes checked by his fears, one of which was the disapprobation of her mother—and another, the want of affection in herself; that she possessed an innocent and tender heart he was assured, but her manners were nearly those of a sister, and he could not

flatter himself that her heart had ever felt any stronger emotions than those arising from gratitude.

The painfulness of uncertainty, at least, he was determined to remove ; and one evening when he was alone with Isabella, he confessed to her the love which he bore for her daughter, stated some plans which he had formed in case an union with her was practicable, and entreated the mother to speak to him on the subject before the return of Augusta. Isabella was not surprised, but she was somewhat concerned, and she also appeared confused, and remained silent ; the apprehensive Leopold, however

however, urged her to speak, and she at length declared that she saw no probability of his ever being united to her daughter.

“But we must ever be friends,” she continued, taking his hand; “I must become insensible indeed when I do not esteem you. Yet how romantic is your attachment! Your acquaintance with us has been short; your knowledge of us scarcely amounts to any thing. We may, for aught you know to the contrary, be Princesses in disguise, or proclaimed criminals, hiding ourselves from the pursuit of justice.”

“My life,” cried Leopold, “even my life would I pledge on your worth and honour!”

“Beware!” said Isabella, in a changed tone, “beware of those whom you would so unguardedly trust. The world is full of evil: the spirits which are said to inhabit a region beneath us, are no less wicked than many of ourselves. Millions of us, of men and of women I speak, merely by stepping into hell would become very devils. The name is local—the matter is not so. But this relates not. I love you, Leopold; indeed I wish you happy.”

“Give

“ Give me Augusta then—let me call her wife, and you mother!”

“ Hold, Warndorf; you have partly made yourself known to me, and I trust you. But, admitting that Augusta were to love you, there are certain notions in the world, opinions, prejudices: Poverty is contemned—so is Vice, if she be ill-cloathed; with a robe of purple, however, crowds will make lanes for her to pass, and men will elbow one another for her accommodation. Then illegitimacy! Oh fie on he or she who is illegitimate! There your cause is lost!”

Leopold started from his seat, and threw from him the hand of Isabella, which he had been holding for some time past.

“Madam,” he cried, “though you at first spoke satirically, your allusion has not failed to strike me. I know not how you have discovered what I foolishly concealed, but am assured that the means were dishonourable. Yes, I am illegitimate ; and by the soul of my dear mother, which is in heaven—by God, who commanded his angels to bring her before him, I would ——”

“Leopold,”

“ Leopold,” exclaimed Isabella, starting forward, and throwing herself upon his neck, “ Leopold, what have I said—what have I done? Friend, by the God whom you now called on, I swear I knew not what you have confessed!—Augusta, she—I meant no other—she is illegitimate!”

Leopold was struck with shame and astonishment; neither he nor Isabella could for several minutes utter another word; her face was laid upon his breast, and his own had fallen on her shoulder.

“ Pardon me,” at length said the one of them, and “ forgive me,” the
c 6 other.

other. They heard Augusta on the stairs, when Leopold started from Isabella, and left the room by another door before she entered it.

The next day he contrived a private interview with Isabella; he extenuated his past fault by laying every part of his history before her; and she, in confidence, gave him the outlines of her own, concealing only the name of him whom she was compelled to speak of in ungentle terms.

Again Leopold fondly mentioned Augusta; and Isabella, after some deliberation, assured him that if the happiness of him and of her daughter

should

should thereafter seem to depend on an union between them, she would not withhold her consent from it.

“ You preserved my life,” she cried; “ perhaps both I and Augusta had perished without your assistance; and I shall never forget you. But there are no proofs of my girl’s loving you, and I have plans which ——hark! she comes.—Pray retire for a while, for I wish her not to see you at this time.”

Leopold pressed her hand, and went to his room, where, his surprise having subsided, he indulged the hopes of love, and fondly thought of becoming

becoming the happy husband of a woman who was really his sister.

Isabella strove to examine the heart of her daughter without discovering her design: this she did by enquiries made with seeming indifference, and by remarks which led towards the person, the understanding, and the different qualifications of Leopold. To every thing said in his praise Augusta readily assented; her own observations were tender and simple, sometimes affectionate, and they generally conveyed an idea not very remote from that which is formed of love.

Isabella

Isabella smiled on her unsuspecting girl, who seemed not willing to turn from the subject;—her consent had been passed conditionally to Leopold; his success was in the highest degree probable, and for a few days she amused herself with reflecting on the virtues of her child and her lover, and also on the tranquil hours which she might thereafter enjoy with them. These thoughts however pleased but for a little while; a succession of new images broke into her mind; she became visibly dejected, and one evening, to the astonishment of Leopold and Augusta, declared her intention of going to England.

“ To

“To England, mother!” exclaimed Augusta; “if you are serious, to what purpose would you go thither?”

“By travelling,” replied Isabella, “my health may be amended, and my mind diverted. Italy I never intend to see again; France is familiar to me; of Germany I am weary; England I have never seen, therefore I mean to go thither.”

Augusta could not speak, but Leopold said—

“The season, Madam, is unfavourable to a voyage; you doubtless will not go till the spring?”

“I shall

“ I shall perhaps depart next week,” she replied ; “ the season does not alarm me ; I have been accustomed to storms, and no longer dread them. What is the tempest of the elements when compared with the tempest of the soul ? I shall have so much fortitude, that in supplying Augusta with it, I shall not find my loss.”

Though the last words were spoken with a smile, her daughter’s features could relax but little ; Leopold was also much agitated and perplexed, but there was then no opportunity for him to speak to Isabella, as he wished.

When

When they next met, she anticipated him, by saying—

“Augusta is in the next room, and I was wishing that you would come to me. I saw your surprise last night, when I told you of my design—a design which I am impatient to execute. We shall part, Warndorf;—how long I may be absent, I know not; but on my return to Germany I shall expect that you will be the first friend to greet me.”

“You remember your promise?” said Leopold.

“Having

“Having made one,” replied Isabella, “I do not easily forget it. My Augusta esteems you; perhaps I should not err, if I were to say that she loves you.”

“Love me!—Oh heaven!—Love me! And would you part us?”

“Your separation will not be a long one. On our return, if her sentiments shall be in your favour, and she inclines to it, I protest she shall become your wife.”

“Madam—mother—you must not divide us; I must go with you; nay I conjure you, do not forbid it. Love
me!

me ! Dear Madam, I never felt such joys as those you now bestow ! I must go with you to England. If you deny me, I shall not have a moment of happiness till your return. You know not what it is to be separated from that object which is most dear to you !”

“ Oh ! Oh, yes I do !” cried Isabella, throwing her eyes on the floor.

“ Then I entreat you,” said Leopold, “ to grant my request. I will be your son and protector ! You know not the language of the country ; I do perfectly : you will therefore find

find me useful, as well as affectionate. Will you, will you permit me to —”

“Hush!” cried Isabella, “Augusta is coming.”

“But shall I accompany you?”

“We will talk of it hereafter.”

“Nay, now, now—before my beloved Augusta enters. A single word will decide it—no or yes?”

“Yes,” said Isabella, “yes, Warndorf.”

Augusta

Augusta then entered, and noticing the extraordinary animation of Leopold, smilingly enquired the cause of it, when her mother informed her it had been agreed that he should accompany them to England, and the intelligence was received by her with evident pleasure. Leopold, whose anxiety had previously been strong, was delighted by the acquiescence of Isabella, and still more by the opinion that she had given him of Augusta's sentiments. He suspected that the former had other motives for her journey than those which she had acknowledged, and the eyes of the latter, he thought, seemed to throw some doubts on them ; he rejoiced, however, that

he was to be their companion, for, independent of his love, he had a wish to see the country to which they were going, the language of which he had been taught by a polished native, who resided several years, and died in his native village; and to its literature he was fervently attached.

Within a fortnight following the intimation of Isabella, they all embarked; and after a rough but quick voyage, arrived perfectly safe in England, and proceeded almost immediately to the capital. It had been agreed that they should still occupy one house; and Leopold soon busied himself in looking for suitable apartments:

ments: conveniency was to be attended to, and also the plan of economy regarded; he inspected several lodgings, but fixed on none. He, however, met with some which he much approved, and which he proposed to engage, if the mistress of the house could prevail on one of her inmates to resign a little room which would be altogether necessary. The next day he was informed that the apartment had been readily given up, and on the following the foreigners left the hotel, and took possession of the private house.

The weather becoming more temperate, the first week was spent by
them.

them in viewing many parts of the town, with which the young travellers were much pleased; but Isabella, who had, while in Germany, declared that curiosity alone would carry her to England, viewed the many objects with more indifference, and, in the absence of her mind, she frequently disregarded the remarks which were directed towards her. Augusta saw this conduct with concern, but was silent on it: Leopold also noticed, and ventured to ask the cause of it. Isabella, however, endeavoured to persuade him that her mind was free from every serious vexation, and carried him from the subject by entering with spirit into another.

It was at this time when Leopold begged that he might be allowed to declare to Augusta his affection, which he had never spoken of to her; but Isabella desired him to delay it for a day or two, and till she had in some manner prepared her beloved daughter to hear him. A few hours after she took Augusta to her chamber, and throwing her arms around her neck—

“ Dear daughter !” she cried, “ to you I can no longer be an hypocrite. I have marked your surprise and pain when you have witnessed many of my actions, and your silence on them evinces your love and tenderness.
You

You are my friend as well as my child,
and I have no other on earth."

"Dear mother," said Augusta,
"you forget Warndorf."

"Oh no—I hold him in my heart
and memory! But I am going to
make a discovery that will perhaps
astonish you. I am not come hither
in pursuit of either health or pleasure;
no, I came in pursuit of Altenburg."

"Of my father!—of my dear—"

"Hold!" cried Isabella, "beware
of what you say; recollect yourself,
and be virtuous."

“Oh, I beg your pardon—I forgot.—But my father—the Baron, is he in England?”

“He is: his wife also is here; and I believe they do not intend soon to return. What do you think of my following him after all his cruelties?”

“That even those cruelties have not been able to destroy your affection—that you still love him.”

“Love him—Oh Altenburg!—Love him? Aye, and I could kill him too!”

“You

“ You terrify me !” cried Augusta.
“ Kill my father ! For God’s sake do not talk thus !”

“ Nay, Augusta, the fault lies in you, for it is you that lead me to talk wildly ; but fear me not—doubt not the propriety of my actions. I cannot account for the affections of my heart ; Altenburg, however, sometimes seems to me better than an angel, and sometimes worse than a devil. In one hour I could throw myself upon his breast, with all the tenderness I bore for him before you were born ; and, in the next, I could almost twist a bow-string around his neck, and darken his face with agonies.

H 3

nies. I must see him—if possible talk to him—”

“Where—how—in what manner, mother? Let me go with you!—Were the world mine, I would give it to kiss his cheek!”

“Do you love him so truly?” cried Isabella, hiding her face; “Oh, daughter! daughter!”

They wept several minutes in the arms of each other; Isabella, however, first threw aside her weakness, and told Augusta that she had something to say which related to Leopold.

“And

“And what of him?” said Augusta, in a manner which shewed that she was considerably interested.

“He loves you, my girl!”

Her eyes fell from the face of her mother.

“He loves you, Augusta,” continued Isabella, “he has confessed it to me; entreated me to allow him to speak to you of his attachment, and I have given him my permission.”

“I shall never dare to look at him again, mother! I never can see him more!”

H 4

“What!”

“What !” cried Isabella, “can you be abashed by an honourable love? I would not on such an occasion make a woman’s diffidence a criterion of her genuine modesty. Warndorf is an excellent young man, handsome in countenance, good in disposition, and noble in principles. Without his aid I had perhaps now been reposing with the dead; you probably had pined in grief. And can you not love the man who rescued your mother and yourself from so dreadful a situation as that in which he found us?”

“I do love him, dear mother—love him as if he were your son and my brother.”

“Could

“ Could you not love him if he were to propose himself as your husband, Augusta? You know my respect for sincerity, my dislike to affectation ; therefore answer my question without hesitation or confusion.”

“ Warndorf,” replied Augusta, “ is, I believe, worthy of the good opinion of every person ; he has long had mine, and I could love him in the character to which you have alluded.”

“ Then may I hereafter,” cried Isabella, “ see you his wife ? But no more of this at present. When you next meet him, do not be discom-
H 5
posed ;

posed ; and if he speaks to you as a lover, fall not into embarrassment. There is ever a delicacy in his speech and manners which must win all hearts ; and I do not think that he has the *power* to act dishonourably.”

“ But my father—let us talk again of him.”

“ Not another word,” said Isabella, rising ; and in a few minutes she left the room.

Augusta remained in astonishment ; the discoveries that had been made to her interested her greatly, but that which related to her father surprised her

her even more than the love of Leopold. What the views of her mother were, she knew not; many serious apprehensions took possession of her mind, and the well-known impetuosity of Isabella made her tremble.

The declared affection of Leopold, and the wishes of her mother, agitated her, however, scarcely less than the former subject; she had confessed she had long regarded him with tenderness, but the thought of marriage had never intruded, and all her feelings, she believed, came from no other source than that of gratitude. The acknowledgment she had given to her parent now threw a blush

H 6 upon

upon her face; and though she had been charged not to discover any timidity when Leopold should meet and speak to her of his wishes, yet the idea of seeing him, in spite of a strong remark her mother had made, occasioned her to feel a considerable degree of confusion.

When she next saw him, however, she soon found her confidence return; for Isabella, having delighted him by repeating a part of the last conversation, charged him not to take up the subject with precipitancy; no allusion therefore escaped him, and his conduct was not less pleasing to the mother than to the daughter.

At

At this time Leopold became, in some manner, acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Afterley; the person who lodged in the house, and who had so readily resigned his apartment. Warndorf, having been informed by the occupier that the room had been very genteelly given up, thought his personal thanks would not be improper, and accordingly gave them to the obliging stranger, whom he found a young, agreeable, and handsome man. They afterwards met several times, and at length an intimacy was formed between them; the person and manners of the Englishman were highly pleasing to Leopold, who, in the course of a few days,

days, introduced him to his female friends.

The ages of Warndorf and Afterley were nearly equal; the form and countenance of the one were not inferior to those of the other, and in conversation both possessed the art of pleasing. Isabella and Augusta found him an agreeable companion; their dialogues were carried on in the French language, and Afterley alternately appeared to them the creature of sensibility and vivacity. In wit he was superior to Leopold—in sentiment, they perfectly coincided: that tincture of romance which appeared in Warndorf, was frequently discoverable in Afterley;

Afterley ; and though the eyes of the Englishman often threw from them the happiest smiles, yet there were times when his pensiveness was not to be removed by the endeavours of his companions.

Every day since the arrival of the foreigners in England, Leopold had aimed at instructing them in the language of the country. Isabella was the more arduous scholar of the two ; and though concerns of greater weight would often press on her mind, yet her efforts and natural powers enabled her, in the course of six weeks, to make some considerable progress. But before that time had passed,

Leopold

Leopold offered his fairer pupil a sweeter lesson, for he spoke of his love to Augusta, and addressed her with so much gentleness and sincerity, that he drew from her a reply which he listened to with admiration and joy.

“We shall be happy!” he exclaimed, “dear girl, we shall be happy! The similarity of our fortunes and of our past circumstances, will serve to make us more precious to each other. Your mother shall be our only parent; we will look up to, will acknowledge no other. Sweet Augusta, I have at this moment too many joys in my heart; they overflow—Oh let

me pour some of them into your own beloved bosom."

"Dear Leopold!" cried Augusta, "dear Warndorf!"

"God shall ever be praised by me," he said, "for sending me to the assistance of you and of your mother, whose sorrows will speedily be lost in the happiness of her children. On our return to Germany, we will retire to the village in which I was born. It is a charming place, Augusta; the hills are so pleasant and healthful, the valleys so fruitful, and, in the spring, the forest is delightful! You will almost wish the flowers that grow in it were

were not so numerous, as you will break the stems of many of them when you are wandering among the shades with your Leopold. The honest villagers will praise the beauty of Warndorf's wife; their partners will extol her goodness; and the little children will be taught to bless her name. Oh how delightful are these anticipations!"

Augusta was prevented from replying by the entrance of her mother, to whom both she and Leopold ran, and throwing themselves at her feet, she sunk on her knees, and, while she clasped them in one embrace—

“ I call

“I call on God, my son!” she exclaimed; “I call on God, dear daughter, to bless you!”

After this declaration had been made, Augusta became less timid, and she no longer dreaded the approaches of her lover; but thinking on the Baron still continued to pain her, and she was also much concerned and grieved by the situation of her mother; whom she entreated to return to Germany, but from whom she received an answer by no means satisfactory, or favourable to her wishes.

Leopold, a stranger to the name of Augusta's father, and equally so to the
object

object of Isabella's journey, endeavoured to console the lovely girl whenever he saw her distressed; his tenderness often succeeded in soothing her, and he led her to hope that it would not be long before they should go back to their own country in peace and in happiness.

Mr. Afterley still continued to claim their friendship, and to spend many evenings in their society:—when his mind was free, he was a most engaging companion; spleen must have been murdered by his anecdotes; his knowledge of society was extensive, and his remarks on public characters were judicious and frequently humorous.

humorous. But there was a strange inequality in his spirits; one day he would be the laughing son of joy, but in the next he would appear with the clouds of sorrow hanging over him; and Leopold, in the presence of Isabella and Augusta, once ventured to enquire the cause of it.

“I am conscious that your remarks have been just,” replied Afterley, “for there are times when the air seems scarcely lighter than my body, and there are times when its substance is like that of the earth, and only fit to be commingled with it. The cause must be traced in my mind: if I am happy, I can seldom be reflective; if sad, I
either

either am, or recently have been ruminating on many of the occurrences which have befallen me, and also left behind them an indelible impression. The great author*, of whom we were talking yesterday, has said that "a man used to vicissitudes, is not easily dejected." I can judge no other mind by my own, but all *my dejection* is occasioned by the vicissitudes through which I have passed. Will you attend to me for a little while? If so, you shall hear, and judge me."

They all bowed, and Afterley proceeded.

* Dr. Johnson.

"I will

“ I will describe to you the original images of my memory. This is the first picture of life I can recollect. An ill-clothed woman, not arrived at the middle age, with dark sorrowful eyes, and wan cheeks ; a tottering garret, in a narrow street, dark and melancholy ; a bed in which sleep was scarcely to be obtained, but by the most abject and insensible ; a chair, a rotten table, and a grate, often black and cold when December was howling — I remember nothing so well as what I have now described. The forlorn object I speak of was my mother ; the room, the wretched place in which she lived.

“ I pre-

“ I pretend to know of no events which preceded my fifth year, and at that time my mother seldom left her garret during the day; when evening approached, however, she went into the streets, took me with her, and begged for charity. She lived by these means till I was eight years old, and at that early period I began to be mindful of the horrors of our situation, and also to enquire the cause of it. I saw that my mother was, in many respects, different to other beggars: I never heard an execration pass from her mouth; when she received a pittance from the humane, she was silent; when she was pushed and spurned, she

she would sigh deeply, and often in a low voice say—"God protect me!"

"Cold and hungry we frequently went to our bed; but indiscriminate donations sometimes provided us a coarse plentiful meal. My mother would not allow me to play with the ragged bantlings of the alleys, and if I used an improper word, which I had taken from the mouths of the dissolute, she always severely chid me, though there were moments in which her love and tenderness melted my young heart. She could read, and I suspected that she had once been what I then simply termed a fine lady; for she one night held a long conversation

with a gentleman in the street, which she afterwards told me was French.

“She had an old Bible in the room, by which she learned me to read; afterwards I picked up some pens and waste paper in the Inns of Court and other places, and I was soon taught to write; she wrote a fine hand herself; I imitated it, and within eight months I really thought myself an uncommon scholar. I loved to lounge at the booksellers’ windows, and to peruse the title-pages; I turned over the old wares of the stalls, till I was driven away by the cruel epithet of a young thief; and whenever I saw a stranger seeking for any place by a
written

written direction, I offered my assistance with a secret pride, and blessed my poor mother, who was pining at home. I forgot that every charity-school boy was as well taught as myself, and thought it hard that I should be obliged to prowl the streets like a hungry cur, and that no one would offer me an honest employment, because I was covered only with rags. I asked the reason of my mother, but it made her sigh deeply; and when I enquired who my father was, and how long he had been dead, I perceived that she was agonized, and therefore desisted.

“ She still continued her nightly supplicatory rambles, and I always followed her at a little distance. More than once we were taken to a watch-house, and cast among thieves and prostitutes. A woman may be thrown into situations when she should not blush even at obscenity. My mother was often compelled to hear the most disgraceful language; the abandoned women cursed her for her silence, and the rascals became more foul in their words; but she would look at them without speaking, draw me to a corner of the room, and sometimes on the wooden seat we have slept in each other's arms.

“ At

“ At length she fell sick, and I was almost killed by grief; for she would never acknowledge to what parish she belonged, and I could scarcely find a morsel of bread, or a little beer, to keep her in existence. When I entreated charity, I was called an idle young rogue, a villain; and if I spoke of my sick parent, the name of a liar was heaped upon me by thousands.

“ My mother must not die!” So I thought; I bought a link, assured her that I would bring something home to comfort her, and then hastened to the Piazzas of Covent Garden, and obtained eighteen pence by lighting different people to their carriages.

Good God ! how joyfully did I return to the garret !

“ The next night I was again the busiest at the play-house door, and was commissioned by a young gentleman and an elegantly dressed prostitute, to procure a coach. I obtained one, but with difficulty ; I then walked obsequiously before my employers, opened the door of the carriage, threw down the steps, and held out my hat for a recompence. A shilling was thrown into it.—“ If you will give me another, Sir,” I said, “ you will enable me to afford more comfort to my poor sick mother.”—The girl laughed. “ Poh ! nonsense ! you lie, firrah !”
cried

cried the gentleman. I held the link up to my face—"May God Almighty," I cried, "take the life of myself, and also of my mother, before this flame shall go out, if I do not speak truth!"—The girl laughed still louder, and the coachman curled his cord around my leg; but the gentleman looked at me with surprise, and put another piece of money into my hat.

"It did not feel like a shilling. I ran to the door of a coffee-house, and held the donation up to a lamp—it was a guinea! I sent forth an exclamation of joy, threw my link into the kennel, ran home almost breathless,

and without speaking, put my treasure into the hand of my mother.

“What have you done?” she cried, “robbed, stolen this money?—Unhappy boy, you will be hanged!”

“I told my story to her; she knew that I had never uttered a lie, and on that night I heard her speak a prayer, which would not have discredited a priest before a congregation. On the following day I purchased a few comfortable things for her, and she soon recovered.

“Reserving half a crown, I purchased a few old books, and some pens
and

and paper; and every day endeavoured, and with success, to improve myself in reading and writing. Our means of life were dreadfully precarious; but every mite that came to our hands, was spent in the best manner: I still hoped that some person would take compassion on me, and as I was now thirteen years old, I thought it might not be long before I should be more serviceable to my mother.

“The two little circumstances that I am going to relate to you, will at least discover the different species of gratitude.” I was one morning strolling near the Horse Guards, and at the time of parade; a smart little fifer attracted

my eye, and drawing several lines of comparison between him and myself, the most favourable of which all inclined to his side, I had resolved on being in the Army, and went marching with the big idea in my mind, as far as the Serpentine River in Hyde Park. Just as I arrived at the bank, I heard a woman scream, and saw a child fall into the water;—no person except a female servant was near; the shriek pierced my heart, and the little girl had disappeared. Such garments as mine were soon laid aside, and I stripped even to my skin in less than a minute. I was an excellent swimmer, strong and fearless; the place in which the child had sunk being fortunately

shallow, I brought her out without difficulty, and carried her towards the maid, who affectedly ran away because I was naked. The lady (I afterwards learned she was of quality), however, received the poor little thing, who soon recovered; and, taking out her purse, to the preserver of her daughter's life she gave half a crown! I did not often act or feel like a beggar: the parsimony and ingratitude of this woman surprised me; I received her money, threw it into the river, and smiling in her face, walked away.

“ This was to me a day of adventures—it stamped me a knight-errant; for near Kensington I saw another lady

in apparent agony, which I found was occasioned by a large mastiff having got a favourite little spaniel in its paws, at a small distance from the spot on which she stood. Taking up a large stone, I aimed it at the head of the enemy brute, and struck him, upon which he abandoned the victim, and flew towards me ; I however resolutely threw myself upon his neck, which I squeezed till I almost strangled him, but afterwards releasing him, he ran away howling.

“ I have never thought of the conduct of this woman without a strong propensity to laughter ; she shook my hand, called me a gallant, an heroic fellow,

fellow, declared that the bravery of the action charmed her, and used many other strange and extravagant phrases, of which, poor as I was, I knew the signification. The former woman had given me half a crown for saving the life of her child ; the latter presented me with a guinea for rescuing a dog, and bade me carry the maimed little animal to her house. This lady was of a singular character, romantic, and an authoress ; she wished to know my story ; I related it, and in a manner with which she declared she was charmed. She sent my mother some clothes, desired me to call on her again, and within a fortnight she prevailed

prevailed on a gentlemen of the law to take me into his office.

“The joy of my mother almost deprived her of reason, and my own was nearly as powerful: the proud thoughts which penury could never repress, were again growing active; and having in a great degree risen, I hoped soon to rise still higher. I could now support myself and my dear parent in a decent manner; society no longer regarded me as an outcast, and I passed the four years following my advancement with respectability. Mrs. Bolton, my patroness, still noticed, and lent me books; and my mother gave me some instructions in the French language.

guage. She had grown, in her appearance, a fine and respectable woman ; melancholy, however, preyed strongly upon her, and in looking on and pitying her, it became one of the features of my mind.

“ I often pressed her to tell me her history, but she always entreated me to be silent on that subject ; and sobbing on my breast, she sometimes declared that she dared not speak of it. I was nearly nineteen when I buried her. A few days before her death she explained the mystery !—Dear mother, I shall never forget you ! Never let my mind dwell on your fault, after having had so many proofs of your
love.

love and tenderness. She told me, while she lay death-stricken in my arms, that she had, at the age of two-and-twenty, and contrary to her inclinations, been married to Mr. Afterley (a name I had never heard before), a gentleman of considerable property, and of handsome person, but of no good morals. Indifference came soon after the nuptials; and, at the time I was born, it was notorious that he associated with another woman. My mother heard of it; it struck deep into her heart, and she looked on him with aversion.

“Eighteen months after I was born, my mother brought forth another male

male child ; but the love of her husband was gone, and he did not even attempt to screen his attachments. He became gross, unfeeling, and cruel ; and at length she—she groaned when she confessed it to me—committed adultery with a man of rank, who had recounted all the base actions of her husband to her.

“Her criminality, shocking to herself, was detected ; but before my father was acquainted with it, she fled, and secretly carried me away with her. Her own crime swallowed up all the vices of her husband, and from that time she never saw either him or her betrayer.”

betrayed. She took with her a casket which her father had given to her before her marriage ; for the jewels it contained she procured two hundred pounds, and on this money she subsisted till within a few weeks of the period to which I have at first alluded.

“ This narrative astonished me ;—dying, she entreated me to forgive and bless her. I did so a thousand times ; and, at her desire, I brought the minister of the parish to pray to her, before whom, and two other persons, she made an affidavit of my name, birth, and legitimacy : she expired a few hours afterwards.

“ My

“ My grief was strong, and it was a considerable time before I could subdue it. Had not my mother carried me away, I might have been educated handsomely, and, perhaps, have enjoyed wealth and respect : but then I should have been separated from her ; and when I thought on what she had been to me, I was satisfied with that part of her conduct.

“ The error which I have alluded to, and which was a worm in her conscience, I could not condemn her for ; the brutal conduct of her husband took away half of the offence, and I had not an atom of pity to bestow on him.

“ Soon

“Soon after I had put the body of my mother in the earth, I made some enquiries concerning my family ; when I found that my father had been dead several years, and that his supposed only son was then in possession of his estates. My brother was at that time in the country ; and I travelled upwards of an hundred and fifty miles to see him : but I did not make myself known, as I discovered that he was as corrupt as his father, without possessing any of his abilities. I returned disgusted to London, and consulted with an eminent barrister on my title to my paternal estate ; but he seemed to view the circumstances suspiciously, and

and was so discouraging, that I thought no more of putting in my claim.

“I had never been partial to the law; the gentleman to whom Mrs. Bolton had recommended me, was lately dead, and she herself gone to Italy, in consequence of which I was again visited by necessity. I am sick when I think of the mischances I afterwards met with, and of the many mortifications I suffered. I affirm, without being influenced by any common prejudice, that men in the law, taken generally, are the most arrogant, unfeeling, and illiberal people in the world; and my solicitations to them were few and reluctant.

“Possessing

“Possessing some powers of imagination, I commenced author ; but I had too much modesty for the trade, and wanting breath to puff with, as well as confidence to seek for a patron, I burnt my pen, and sighed over my manuscript.

“I had always loved the drama, and flattered myself that I had talents adapted to the stage ; and one morning I introduced myself to a new-made manager in Soho, from whom I received a peremptory rejection, which however was politely dressed and given out.

“I shall

“ I shall not describe the particular manner in which I spent the next eighteen months that followed my poor mother's death : but I shall never more say of him whose body is staked in the highway, ‘ this man deserved the contempt of his fellows, and also the displeasure of his God.’

Poverty often raises the mind above, or sinks it below the standard of reason : even melancholy is a species of insanity, and despair is more nearly allied to it : I have felt the influence of them both, and I often wonder at my preservation. But I learned that my brother, owing to excess and intemperance, had actually fallen into the state which I have attempted to describe,

describe, and that, in consequence of it, he was confined in a private mad-house.

“ About this time I was strongly advised to prosecute my claim to my father’s estate ; and I found a gentleman who not only offered to become my solicitor, but also to supply me with money till my right should be decided in a court of equity.

“ It will not be long before I shall be either rich, or a most forlorn beggar ; the document of my mother, and the credibility of the witnesses, are much relied on ; and the hopes of the attorney are nearly certainties. But
my

my energies have grown sluggish, and are unwilling to be revived: I am like a plant that has been long neglected in a dry season, and the showers which are looked for, will perhaps fall too late."

Afterley's friends had listened to his narrative with considerable interest: Leopold pressed his hand, and bade him shake off the melancholy fiend; the fine eyes of Isabella beamed with a strong compassion, and Augusta sighed, while she unaffectedly exclaimed—"Poor Afterley!"

The weather being generally very severe, they were compelled to stay much at home; but when a fine morning presented itself, they were all anxious to be abroad.

Afterley, on some occasions, was very pleasant and diverting; still in his other mood, he was painful not only to himself, but also to his observers. Leopold and Augusta often, in private, talked of their intended union, for it was a subject dear to them both; and they anticipated the joys they should find on their return to Germany. One circumstance, however, created much concern in Augusta, and an equal surprise in Leopold; this was
a custom

a custom which Isabella had of late adopted of going out alone, and of being absent sometimes two or three hours, without satisfactorily accounting for it. Augusta indeed was partly in her confidence, and guessed her motives; but Leopold could only wonder at them, without expressing a curiosity which he knew would be offensive.

About this time he was somewhat perplexed by not receiving an expected remittance from Vienna; the money he had brought over with him was nearly expended; and though Isabella had a supply, he did not wish her to know of his deficiency.

Taking up a newspaper one morning, he saw an advertisement, by a German gentleman, for a private teacher of the English language: a very liberal premium was offered to any man of ability; and Leopold finding himself well qualified for the office, wished to engage in it, if it were to be done without depriving him of much liberty. He copied the address of the advertiser, and soon after went to the house referred to, without apprizing Augusta of his intention; neither did he speak of it to Asterley, and Isabella had gone out soon after breakfast.

He

He found that the initials had been used by Baron Altenburg, to whom he told the servant he wished to speak. While standing in the hall, to his astonishment, some person pronounced his name ; and on turning his head, he saw a man advancing, who almost immediately took hold of his arm.

“ Warndorf ! ” cried the stranger, “ this is not generous ; I have never been accustomed to have a spy attending on me, nor shall I soon forgive you for becoming such.”

“ Amazement ! ” exclaimed Leopold ; “ you overpower me with surprise.”

prise. Good God! what am I to think of this?"

"Did you not know me then?" cried Isabella; "did you not come in search of me?"

"Neither, by heaven!" he replied; "and I dare scarcely trust my senses now. What am I to think of this?"

"Any thing—nothing—think not of it at all. Do you know the Baron? have you business with him? Are you acquainted with his being the father of Augusta?"

"He!

“ He !—The father of—No, upon my honour I knew it not : but I have business with him.”

“ Then, if you love my daughter, if you value my eternal quiet—Hush ! the servants are coming. You know what I mean—Remember !”

She broke from him, and left the hall, when a servant came to conduct him to the Baron. Surprise had so strongly seized him, that he could not shake it off : Isabella appeared in a suspicious light ; he thought that she and the Baron had renewed their acquaintance, and a hundred mysteries were in a moment revealed. He

knew not but that she might have even mentioned his name to Altenburg, and for this reason he determined on concealing it; he therefore introduced himself under a fictitious one, and explained his business as well as in a state of agitation he possibly could.

The person and manners of Baron Altenburg interested him, in spite of prejudice; and having in some degree recovered from the shock which his own first direct lie had given to him, the conversation, on his part, was no longer laboured. He found that other applications had been previously made, but was flattered when Altenburg decided in his
favour,

favour, though he came without recommendation : Leopold respectfully accepted the proposals, and was requested to call again on the following day.

“ It is late in life with me,” said the Baron, as they were separating, “ to think of the study of languages ; and, though I am desirous of acquiring that of the English, my residence in this country will not perhaps exceed a year. But to remove some weights from my mind, to expel from it some images which too often intrude, are the motives which——You will call on me to-morrow,” he added, with a sigh that seemed to steal into the

breast of Leopold, who, filled with wonder, hastened home, and there he found Isabella in her female attire.

His blood mounted into his cheeks when he looked at her, and his eyes, falling from her face, were placed upon Augusta, from whom he could scarcely conceal his confusion. Though Isabella had sunk in his esteem, his sentiments for her daughter were still the same; and though he believed the one to be the slave of a passion which was clandestinely gratified, yet he was assured that the other actually possessed all the innocence in which she appeared. These thoughts flew through his mind, and finding himself incapable

incapable of conversing with calmness, he took a book from his pocket, and seemed to peruse it, when Isabella sent Augusta to her chamber, to look for something which she knew could not easily be found.

“The subject of the volume, Sir?” said Isabella, as soon as her daughter was gone.

“Madam !” cried Leopold, looking up to her. She had thrown herself back in her chair, the lower part of her face rested on her hand, her bosom had swelled with pride, and her eyes were fixed with an eagle’s strength upon his face. He saw the keenness

κ 6 of

of these silent reproaches, and the book fell from his hand.

“ I read your thoughts, philosopher !” she cried ; “ your mind and soul are open to me. Virtuous censor ! liberal Warndorf !”

“ Oh ! for heaven’s sake, Madam !”

“ Sir, you have tried to probe me deeply : you touched, but did not wound me. You saw me in a strange situation this morning, and your imagination grew foul upon it ; cleanse it, young man, cleanse it, and be wholesome.”

“I have not deserved this,” cried Leopold; “Augusta’s mother—”

“Altenburg’s—chuse a word, Sir, and place it; I doubt not but that the epithet will be delicately selected. Augusta’s mother!—Augusta’s mother would think herself too noble to call Warndorf her son, while he retains his gross opinions. I would stake my soul that you think me base and criminal: I confessed to you this morning what Baron Altenburg has been to me; and you suppose that neither his desertion nor his marriage prevented a renewal of our former intimacy?”

“Let

“Let the consequence be what it will,” cried Leopold, “I will not make myself a liar. Your charge is just—I have thought of you as you suppose. Our strange meeting—your disguise and confession——You told me to think any thing, and now despise me for my thoughts ; if they are wrong, on my knees—dear mother, forgive me.”

“Oh Warndorf ! Warndorf !”

“It is enough, I have your pardon !”

“You have, you have. Ah ! Leopold, you never loved like me : you know not what it is to dote upon an
object

object which you wish to hate. Altenburg threw me from his heart; I cannot banish him from mine. He fled from me; I have followed him hither; I have discoursed with him, and in a feigned character, excited his pity. I have pressed his hands, and am the happier for it. His wife I have conversed with: before I saw her, I thought I should have detested her; but she appears to me an excellent creature. Augusta knows not of my stratagem; my habit is always carefully locked up, and when I go out, I am wrapped in a cloak, which conceals my person even to the feet. I go to the Baron's in a coach, which, with the covering I leave in it, waits for me

me in an adjoining street. I am convinced that I am not suspected; but I will not, Warndorf, much longer indulge myself in this folly: we will go back to Germany soon. Your hand, Leopold—there, there, our quarrel is forgotten.”

Leopold kissed the pledge of her amity, and had just time enough to relate the cause of their extraordinary meeting in the morning, before Augusta came to them. By the paleness of her cheeks, and the quickness of her eyes, it was evident that she had noticed the secret disagreement before she left the room; but the smiles of Leopold, and the kindness
of

of Isabella banished her concern ; and Afterley soon after joining them, they spent the remainder of the day together not unpleasantly.

The young Englishman had received some favourable news from his solicitor, and was in excellent spirits till they were about to separate at night, when he became silent, reserved, and dejected.

The chamber of Leopold was divided from that of Afterley only by a slight partition, and he had found that for many preceding nights, his friend retired late to his bed, and that it was become a habit with him to pace his chamber

chamber, and very often to repeat "Poor Afterley ! poor Afterley !" Leopold doubted not but that he was in those moments ruminating on his family misfortunes ; and though he sincerely pitied the complainer, he was silent on the subject, for he knew that expressions of compassion more frequently opened than closed a wound.

Leopold was not very serene when he was preparing to go to Baron Altenburg on the following day ; and he was sorry that he had been induced, by surprise and apprehension, to give in a fictitious name, under which it was now become necessary to pass. He was somewhat repugnant to accept
of

of the employment offered to him by the father of his Augusta ; and thinking that Isabella might be averse to it, he demanded her sentiments, resolving if she did not approve of it, immediately to abandon the undertaking.

“ I would not advise you to decline it,” she replied ; “ go to the Baron, and think not of us while you are with him. I shall not see him many times more, and perhaps I may learn of you to—But we will soon return to our country, Warndorf: should you, however, meet with me again at Altenburg’s, be guarded, and express no surprise.

Leopold

Leopold then, still more agitated than tranquil, went to the house of Christiana's aunt, and was conducted to the library, where he found the Baron, who received him in a manner which was highly pleasing, and which, on the instant, removed his embarrassment. In the dialogue that ensued, the elegance and nerve of Altenburg's sentiments and observations were felt and acknowledged by his young tutor: gravity generally accompanied his remarks, and his countenance was frequently serious; but a ray of vivacity sometimes broke into his mind, and the smiles it produced made his face truly worthy of admiration.

Augusta

Augusta had one day, in confidence, read to him some parts of her father's letters, and had many times, when her mother was not present, spoken affectionately of him. Leopold, therefore, was now inclined to view him as a man of error, rather than of guilt; and the plea which he had made to the mother and daughter, of his having been dictated by necessity, really seemed to have some strength. The conversation was both literary and political; the Baron spoke of many authors who were the favourites of Leopold, and quoted, with great taste and propriety; and he was so pleased with the young stranger, that
he

he invited him to dine there on the following day.

This early mark of respect was highly flattering to Leopold, whose pride had previously been rather above his occupation ; and on his return home, he held some conversation with the anxious Isabella, in which, though he regretted the division between her and Altenburg, he could not forbear becoming, in some degree, the encomiast of the latter.

“ Yes,” replied Isabella, “ he has powers to captivate ; he wins the heart without seeming to aim at it ; but when he has made the conquest, his defects

defects become palpable. His understanding, I am persuaded, you do not over-rate; his person——Ah! Warndorf, I am becoming garrulous, and will give myself a timely check. Altenburg to me ought not to be any thing. I am only the mother of his child—nothing more, nothing more!”

Her manner of speaking the last words greatly affected Leopold, and with pain he saw her leave the room, with her arms laid across her bosom, and her eyes fixed upon the floor. But he hoped that the period was not far distant when her mind would be tranquillized. It was his design to persuade her not to renew her strange
and

and hazardous visits, to leave England in the course of a month, and previous to their voyage, to give him in marriage his sweet Augusta, who was no less anxious than himself to return to Germany.

She and Leopold afterwards had several conversations on the subject; thinking that, of the two, he had more influence over her mother, she entreated him to urge their departure on every occasion, as she was in continual apprehension of the happening of some disagreeable events.

“But why, why, dear Augusta,” he said to her one day, “are you silent
on

on the circumstance that I wish to take place before we leave England?"

“ Not because I love you less, dear Warndorf, than I have ever done ; not because I think less tenderly of you ; be assured it is not. Indeed I cannot account for it ; only let us return to our country—only let us draw my poor mother from hence, and I shall go over the seas the happy wife of Warndorf ! ”

Such a declaration as this was a powerful stimulus ; and in the afternoon of the same day he put his arguments to Isabella ; and, after many struggles on her side, she assured him

that in the course of six weeks she would leave England, and that, some few days before her departure, she would attend him and her daughter at the altar.

“Nay, no thanks, Warndorf,” she cried, perceiving he was about to speak, “for I shall be happy to see you the husband of my girl, happy in calling you my son. I often thank God in private that Augusta has no brother; had I given Altenburg a boy, and the passions of the mother had been hereditary, I think the heart of his father would not at this time have been sensible of either pain or pleasure. In my mind I have been a murderer!

deress! Before I left Vienna, the fiend
Revenge was always torturing my
brain, presenting to my eye dreadful
spectacles, and urging me to diabolical
acts. This, I believe, was the cause
of my illness and derangement, for I
had thought on blood, and been scared
by phantoms. This confession—you
must neither hate nor despise me for
it. I was not wicked, I was not cul-
pable—I was mad, and therefore no
fault can be attached to me. In Ger-
many, however, with you, Warndorf,
and with your wife, all may yet be
well. But I do not promise you that
I will not take up my disguise again.
Can I return without seeing Alten-
burg once more? No, Leopold, I

must have another gaze before I depart. You will continue to attend him, but I charge you to be private, and never mention either me or Augusta to him. I love him still; I begin to respect his peace, and I should now be loth to disturb the tranquillity of her, to blast whom, in the hours of frenzy, I have even wished for the means of forcery. No! happy be they both—happy Altenburg, and happy his wife!”

Leopold mourned that a better fate had not attended this woman; and he resolved in every after hour, by the kindest attention, love, and respect, to endeavour to alleviate her
pain

pain and concern. Every day he attended the Baron, as a tutor, and received from him so many marks of kindness and esteem, that, situated as he was in regard to Isabella and Augusta, still he could not but look with respect on him who had deserted them.

Leopold saw that he was not perfectly happy ; but the tenderness with which he always spoke of the gentle Christiana, and the love that shone in his eyes when he looked at her, destroyed every idea of his being still attached to Isabella. The person and manners of the Baroness also delighted Leopold ; and he did not wonder that

they had removed the hatred of Augusta's mother; for he held it impossible that any person could view her without interest, or converse with her, and feel no pleasure.

She was calculated to charm him, because, in a great degree, she resembled Augusta. An eye that was never dull, but which was not always joyful; a heart that could feel deeply, and a tongue that constantly spoke with unaffected tenderness, were the properties of Altenburg's wife, as well as of his daughter; both were excellent in their minds, and lovely in their persons; and he was concerned that the singular merits of the one should
unfor-

unfortunately have been the means of depriving the other, who was equally deserving, of a large portion of happiness.

Altenburg was not very inquisitive as to the concerns or fortune of Leopold ; but after they had been known to each other a month, he offered a note to his instructor, as a part of his salary. It was for a sum equal to that which had at first been proposed for six months' attendance ; Leopold, however, having previously determined on accepting no reward, declined the bill, by saying he would take it at some future time. The kindness of the action, and the accompanying delicacy,

delicacy, did not pass the memory of Leopold, who found that Altenburg could indeed “win the heart without seeming to aim at it ;” which was a remark that had been recently made to him by Isabella.

About a fortnight after the arrangement had been made for their journey, the cause of Afterley was decided in his favour, and prosperity was to reward his past sufferings. Though the extravagance of his father had been great, and his lunatic brother had been equally depraved and inconsiderate, yet, when the encumbrances which were on the estate, were discharged,

charged, an ample fortune would be remaining for the new possessor.

As soon as he could disengage himself from the lawyers, he ran to his lodgings, and scarcely sensible of what he said, imparted his success to Leopold, to Isabella, and to her daughter, all of whom heartily rejoiced on the occasion, and were warm in their congratulations.

They requested him to give them his company for the remainder of the day, and nothing could have sounded more agreeably to him; he became one of the happiest creatures then in existence; no being under heaven

was more felicitous, and his words and looks animated all the party. But as the evening advanced, his spirits decreased ; on parting, he languidly wished them all a good night, and his voice from his chamber afterwards conveyed the sound of "Poor Afterley," to the ears of the surprised Leopold.

The clock struck one, and he was still waking and walking ; and he did not go to bed till another hour had elapsed, though the morning was exceedingly cold, and the hail rattling against his window.

Leopold was astonished by what he heard; and the melancholy of Afterley seemed so unseasonable, that he began to think the young Englishman had omitted some distressing occurrences in his narrative, on which he was then ruminating, as he had done at several preceding seasons.

The next day, however, he met Leopold with a placid, and Isabella and Augusta with a smiling countenance, which increased, and not in a small degree, the surprise of him whom his complaints had so recently reached.

The stipulated time for Isabella's departure was arrived within three weeks; Augusta was to become the wife of Leopold in the course of a fortnight, and the principal thing that remained to be previously done by him was, to apprize the Baron of his intention to return to Germany. In what particular manner he should do this, he had not however determined; and had not the exchange of situation been such as it was, the leaving of Altenburg would have caused much regret. His motive for withdrawing himself, he could not fully explain; and the unwillingness that he felt to speak his purpose, made him delay it from time to time, and he meant not to declare his intention

tion till a day or two before he should become the husband of Augusta.

As the period of his marriage drew nigh, Leopold was more joyful; every moment in which he and Augusta were alone, he was starting some new scheme of happiness, which she smilingly listened to, and generally approved. But both of them were frequently concerned to see the extraordinary change in Afterley, who, though now removed from want to affluence, retained none of his former good spirits, but seemed to be under the influence of melancholy. The quick smile no longer darted from his fine eyes; the hue of health was vanishing,

vanishing, his tongue became languid, and his words were almost entirely confined to necessary and laconic replies.

Neither Leopold nor Augusta could conjecture the cause of this extraordinary change ; but Isabella had watched him secretly, and though she was silent on the subject, her conclusions afterwards proved to be just.

Leopold one morning went out, and previously bade his friends not to expect him till the evening ; but in the course of two hours he returned, and informed them that he should spend the remainder of the day at home.

home. He went up to his chamber almost immediately on some occasion ; in a few minutes, however, he returned, and going up to Augusta, he smiled, while he whispered something to her.

“ Indeed, Warndorf,” she replied, “ I have not got it, neither do I know any thing concerning it. Perhaps my mother does.—Leopold,” she continued, turning to Isabella, “ has missed a miniature ; have you taken it out of his room ? ”

“ No,” answered Isabella, “ I have not been there this morning.”

“ This

“This is extraordinary!” cried Leopold; “I had the picture in my hand just before I left the room, and afterwards put it into the drawer, from which place I find it has been removed. I thought one of you had taken it away in sport, and am alarmed by your declarations. Pray ring the bell; I must make immediate enquiries of the servant, and of her mistress.”

Afterley, who was present, rose hastily from his chair, and placed his hand upon Isabella's as it was touching the wire. His blood mounted into his cheeks, his whole frame was agitated, and with a faltering voice he

he begged Leopold to follow him to another apartment, on which they both withdrew.

A suspicion had rushed into the mind of the latter, and he looked sternly at his English acquaintance, whose distress became almost insupportable, and for a while imposed a silence on his tongue.

“Speak, Sir,” said Leopold, “why have you brought me hither?”

“Oh Warndorf! what will you think of me?”

“That

“That still remains to be known : but if you have purloined the picture, I will—”

“Do any thing to me,” cried Afterley; “use me as you please; hate me, despise me, *kill* me if it will satisfy you. I never yet was a liar; see, here is the picture of Augusta ! I took advantage of your absence this morning, entered your room clandestinely, and removed your treasure.”

“And how could you presume—for what purpose did you take the miniature—in what manner intend to dispose of it ?”

“You

“ You shall be answered fully, Warndorf. There are some hearts that would pity—your’s, I see, abhors me. I have long envied you the possession of the picture ; when you went out this morning, I sent for an artist to copy it ; and had you not returned till the evening, he would have made the outlines of his work, and the original would have been replaced. I can say no more in my justification : if you plunge a weapon into my breast, or if you give me up to the laws as a robber, I have had, and for ever shall have the image of Augusta at my heart.”

“ Afterley !

“Afterley ! do you love her?”

“Love her ! neither sight nor life are more precious to me than Augusta !”

“What, when you know that within a few days she is to become my wife ? Presumptuous ! How could you dare to love her ?”

“You might as reasonably ask yourself—‘How could I dare to love her?’ Like you, I have powers of sight, of perception, and of feeling ; if my eye is lured by a beautiful object, does that constitute presumption ? and if my heart adores a woman, still dis-
daining

daining all that may interrupt her happiness, am I to be considered as a criminal? My affection for Augusta will never be subdued; but I knew that she was to be your wife, and no thought of supplanting you, or of disturbing her tranquillity, ever was in my mind:—no, I swear it! I suffered, but did not complain; and, finding the little alliance there was betwixt reason and passion, I had resolved, on the morning of your marriage, to take an eternal farewell of her, and in some far distant place to mourn in secret that Warndorf's love was prior to Afterley's."

"Friend,"

“Friend,” cried Leopold, affected, “give me your pardon, and in exchange take mine. I have been mistaken: I rely on your honour—let us therefore go back to the women.”

“Never!” replied Afterley; “my eye shall never more be turned on her; I have confessed my passion for her even to her lover, and at this moment both she and her mother must be filled with a thousand strange suspicions. God bless you, Warndorf! may you and your wife be eternally happy! I shall never more press your hand—never more hear the voice of Augusta; yet, when far divided, I shall think that she sometimes speaks
of

of me, and sometimes, sanctioned by her husband, exclaims—"Poor Afterley!"

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Leopold, struck by the force of the last often repeated words, "stay, friend—I entreat you to hear me!"

"It is too late, Warndorf; all my past vicissitudes seem nothing when compared with this. Adieu!—I must unburthen my heart, or it will sink irrecoverably."

He then released himself from the hold of Leopold, and almost in a minute he had left the house.

Pained

Pained and astonished, Leopold returned to his female friends, to whom he unreservedly repeated the conversation and confession of Afterley. The concern, but not the surprise of Isabella was great ; Augusta, however, was divided between pity and wonder, nor did she affectedly attempt to conceal her true feelings.

It was evident that the young Englishman did not intend to see any of them again ; for on the following day he sent a letter to the woman of the house, charging her to take care of what things he had left behind him, and informing her that he should retain her lodgings for two months longer

longer, but not reside any part of the time in them.

Though Leopold was on the eve of the most happy events, he could not banish the recollection of the sorrows of Asterley, who appeared to be fated to endure almost all the miseries known to human life, without participating any of the felicities which sometimes pertain to it. He and Isabella had several conversations on the subject, in which they spoke with equal feeling; but Augusta was embarrassed whenever the circumstance was named to her, and though she esteemed and pitied the man, she

VOL. II. M wished,

wished, if possible, wholly to withdraw her mind from him.

The day appointed for the marriage of Leopold and Augusta was drawing very nigh, and they were making some arrangements for their departure for Germany; it was now become absolutely necessary to apprise Baron Altenburg of his intention, and he prepared himself so to do, though the task seemed to him unpleasant and embarrassing.

On the morning he intended to open his designs, he walked slowly and thoughtfully towards the Baron's residence, and just as he came in sight
of

of it, Isabella, in her disguise, took hold of his arm, and silently led him to a coach that she had, as usual, retained.

He did not wonder that she had been able to impose on Altenburg, as he could at first scarcely believe her to be the mother of Augusta; for independent of her male attire, she wore a large black covering on one of her eyes, and also hair very different in colour to her own. When they were both placed in the vehicle, Isabella threw herself on the neck of Leopold. For a few minutes she attempted to suppress her emotions, but they obstinately forced their way,

and she sobbed loudly, while her tears fell fast from her eyes. Leopold only pressed her tenderly in his arms, giving her time to recover, and to speak without being urged; and within a few minutes she raised her head from his shoulder, and looked in his face.

“Warndorf!” she cried, “I entreat you not to censure this weakness, and I would not have you think meanly of me for the sorrow into which I have been led. My eyes must be closed by death, and afterwards opened by immortality, before I shall see Altenburg again. We shall meet no more on earth; the idol of my soul,
the

the father of my child is, from this hour, separated from me eternally ! Eternally, Oh no—I will believe that one of the joys of the next world will be to dwell with him in friendship, in love, and in harmony. My soul will prepare for its pilgrimage of joy, Warndorf, while you and Augusta shall be weeping for the apparent pangs of my body.”

“Banish these melancholy thoughts,” cried Leopold ; “ you will yet be happy with your children.”

“ Happy !—Yes, yes, it may be so. The virtues of you and my girl will effect all that can possibly be done for

M 3

me.

me. I find myself, however, so much changed of late, I cannot but consider that event, which must ever be as common as life, as fast approaching. I once had health, an ardent spirit, a vigorous mind, and a well-fortified heart; some of them have fled, the others have been subdued. Well, well, I shall not resist the inevitable decrees of ——”

“For Heaven’s sake, dear mother,” cried Leopold, “for Heaven’s sake talk not thus despondingly! Will you inform me in what character you have lately passed with the Baron?”

“As

“As the brother of an unfortunate Italian Nobleman, with whom he was several years since intimately acquainted. To forward my project, I have dissimulated, and spoken many untruths. Altenburg has, like an angel, pitied my feigned distresses; has given me money for my supposed necessities, which I shall return to him the day before our departure; and has often endeavoured to persuade me to give him more of my company: but this request I always refused with a plea which seemed to him sufficient. Part of my face only I allowed him to see, attributing my covering of the other part to the loss of one of my eyes by an accident. And even in those mo-

M 4. ments,

ments, when I fondly viewed him as my once faithful Altenburg, as the father of my precious child, I did not forget my false accents. He believes that I am returning to Italy; he and his wife have given me their good wishes, and the late objects of my hate are become the objects of my love. Oh Altenburg! I thought it would be easy to despise thee; but my affection for thee will go even to the brink of my grave!"

The coach stopped, and Isabella seemed to recal her powers; she endeavoured to assume a composed countenance to meet her daughter with, and while she was returning to

Augusta

Augusta, Leopold, affected by what he had seen and heard, again went towards the Baron's ; but having witnessed the distresses of Isabella, he was too much discomposed to mention his intentions ; and after an interesting discourse with Altenburg, he withdrew.

On the following day, however, he entered into the subject, and spoke of his determination to leave England in the course of the ensuing week.

“ I fear,” he continued, “ that your Lordship will be displeased with me for forming an engagement with you ; but at the time I made it, I neither

M 5

forefaw,

foreſaw, nor ſoon expected, an important event, which is now likely to happen ; an event which muſt be productive of the greateſt happineſs to me—I hope of felicities which will end but with my life.”

“Marriage, my young friend?” ſaid Altenburg ; ſmiling, “your fervour and animation, your voice and countenance, all lead me to conclude that it is ſo. Am I not right?”

“You are, my Lord. In the courſe of two days I ſhall be made the huſband of a lovely and excellent woman !”

“May you be truly happy!” cried Altenburg, pressing him with hands which had once as tenderly pressed poor Josephine. “Is the object of your choice of England or of Germany?”

“Of Germany,” replied Leopold, “to which country she is impatient to return. As soon as our nuptials are celebrated, therefore, we shall embark, and probably never see England again.”

“I will go with you to the altar; my wife shall attend on your bride, and the marriage feast shall be eaten in this house. I esteem you much,

and I wish to be your friend, for you have long since found your way to my heart.”

“Your Lordship is good—con-
fessing—I am much obliged—But,
after I am married, I cannot possibly
see you again; we must never there-
after meet, neither in England nor in
Germany. Look not displeased, my
Lord; I shall ever think of you with
a mutual esteem—I would say with
affection, did I not fear you would
consider the word as too free. But
we must never meet—I regret that
circumstances forbid it; I mourn that
I must necessarily be deprived of the
pleasure of seeing and conversing with
a man

a man whom I so truly respect, and for whose happiness I shall ever wish."

"My happiness!—Ah! that is never to be recalled!—Well, my mysterious tutor, you force me to think well of you; perhaps we may correspond—is that prohibited?"

"And will you, my Lord, will you indeed condescend to write to me? I shall be happy, very happy in such notice; for it is what I wished to propose, and nothing but the fear of being thought presumptuous, checked the request which I was anxious to make."

"Your

“Your hand then,” said Altenburg;
“I can be your friend, without prying
into your secrets, and *will* be such as
long as you desire it.”

“For ever, for ever, my Lord!”

“With all my heart, provided
without intercourse it be possible. I
will write to you from England, and
also from Vienna on my return thi-
ther, which will be soon after my
Christiana’s delivery. From your in-
timation, I conclude that you intend
to dwell in retirement, otherwise I
should be desirous of seeing you in
some capacity which may be within
the reach of myself, or of my friends.

I will

I will not take your adieu to-day ; but to-morrow, as you wish, we will separate. This ring, present it in my name to your wife, and tell her that he who sends it, wishes her always to wear it with happiness."

They soon after separated: Leopold was glad to depart, as he began to be affected by the generosity and tenderness of the Baron, who was not only surprised but also concerned by what he had listened to ; for Leopold had grown in his favour, and was viewed by him with no common regard.

Myſterious as ſome part of Leopold's

pold's conversation had seemed, Altenburg was not however prejudiced by it ; for he could place no doubt on the honour or integrity of his young friend, whose intended seclusion he imputed to the influence of that romantic spirit, in the blaze of which reason would sometimes disappear.

While Altenburg was speaking to Christiana of the loss he was going to sustain, Leopold was telling Isabella and Augusta of his late conversation, which was listened to by them with many different emotions. The ring was received with ecstasy.

“ It is the gift of my father,” cried Augusta, “ of him, to whose breast I
have

have a thousand times been clasped—
of him whom I have a thousand times
kissed! See, mother, what he sends!
It shall remain here for ever; it shall
remain as a precious pledge even
when my shroud shall be put on
me!”

Leopold participated her joy, and
her language was such as he delighted
to hear. Isabella also smiled while
the arms of her daughter enfolded
her; but her smiles were sickly, and
shewed that they originated not in
true pleasure.

The time came when Leopold was
to bid a last adieu to the Baron, to
whom

whom he did not go till the evening, when he left Isabella and his Augusta busy in preparing the simple bridal drefs for the morrow. Altenburg received him with true kindness, and Christiana expressed her regret that he was so soon to depart ;—after staying with him about half an hour, and bidding him a kind farewell, she retired from the room, and left him with her Lord.

“ I am as much concerned as the Baroness can be,” said Altenburg, “ that you should fly from us just as you had established yourself in our favour ; but wherever you go, I wish you happy, successful, and content.

You

You offered yourself as my tutor ; I wished to make you my friend. I have received some advantages from your superior talents ; our agreement was a narrow one ; this note will speak what I wish to do better than my tongue."

"My Lord," replied Leopold, "I have been amply repaid by your notice, and nothing more can I accept. I have a sufficiency for myself, and also for the woman who will to-morrow become my wife ; more I do not wish for. You will therefore excuse me if I decline your gift. Can I be of any service to you in Germany, my Lord ? Have you any packets which
you

you may think proper to entrust with me?"

"Yes, and I would propose two or three things : the first of which is, a travelling companion. There is an Italian gentleman who has lately made himself known to me ; I have been affected by a recital of his misfortunes, and more so by a repetition of some particular events which were within his knowledge. I have felt his sorrows, and he has, undesignedly, made me more severely feel my own. I learn that he is returning to Italy, and that some warm hopes induce him first to go to Vienna. I think you will find him sensible and interesting ;

resting; and if you can make acquaintance with a melancholy man, I wish you to be a companion to him to Germany.”

“ I—I agree to it,” said Leopold, colouring; “ a letter of introduction from your Lordship will—will be—”

“ You shall have it, and indeed it is already written; I will also trouble you with these letters to my steward at Vienna, and this small packet I could wish you to deliver personally to Count Stendal.”

“ To Count Stendal! With pleasure. I should have sought for him myself,

myself, without any commission from you, for there is no other man on earth whom I am so anxious to see."

"You astonish me!" cried Altenburg. "Why did you never tell me that you knew my excellent friend? for I love the Count as if he were my brother. Since I first saw you, I have mentioned your name in letters to him, and to one of them have received an answer; but it contained nothing concerning you which bespoke any personal knowledge. You surprise me greatly!"

"Without explaining my motives," replied Leopold, "I confess that I
first

first gave your Lordship a fictitious name; yet I am no criminal, and have nothing to blush at. I never saw Count Stendal but once, and even then he almost rent my heart asunder. Had you named to him Leopold Warndorf, of ——”

“Oh God of heaven!” exclaimed Altenburg; “are you, are you Leopold Warndorf, the child of Josephine?”

“I am—she was my mother.— You, *you* know Josephine?”

“Son—son—son!”

“Of

“Of Josephine I know. What ails you? Why this emotion? These tears—your eyes—are your senses gone? Speak to me—if you have any reason, speak to me!”

“Cast me to the earth, and stab me!—No, no;—come to my heart, and bless your father! Do you not know me to be such? My blood is gushing from me; put your hand here, and stanch it.”

“Trifle not with me—you cannot be my father—proofs, proofs!”

“You are my child, and for God’s sake do not disown me! Forget the wrongs

wrongs of your mother, who is in heaven. You tortured me when you refused to listen to Stendal. This mysterious meeting! You move not, you come not to me—There, I hold you now! I will not take my arms from your neck till you have blessed your father!”

“ Away, away !” cried Leopold, almost with a shriek ; “ do you consider me as the brother of Augusta ?”

“ Of Augusta ! What do you know of Augusta ? Yes, yes, you are both my beloved children !”

“Then I accept your offer. You shall go with me to the altar to-morrow, and your wife shall attend my bride thither. You shall sanction the union of me and my sister; the priest shall do an act which is forbidden by God, on which you shall calmly look; and though the words be fair and holy, and the deed damnable, you, *you* shall smile, and say, Amen!”

“You rave—what do you mean?”

“The marriage feast shall be eaten in your house, and we will lie under the roof of our father; for in any other place the devils, who sicken at all earthly

earthly joys, would in the dark hours abandon their native hell, and scream in our ears—"Incest! incest!"

"My brain catches at your madness ! Son—Warndorf—recollect yourself, and speak to me calmly."

"You are my father—you are the father of Augusta—Isabella and the Italian are one. Something of this I knew before, but not enough—not enough to save me from distraction. I and your daughter met by accident. Of what I am to her she is still ignorant ; I knew it not till this moment. —Aye, tremble, and look pale. My flesh and limbs are quivering ! I love
N 2 Augusta

Augusta as dearly as one object can ever love another. To-morrow we were to have been married—were? and shall we not still? Must I resign her?—must I give her up? Never, never! All this ruin and misery your crimes have effected. I will not believe myself your son—I will keep her ignorant of what may be true, and will yet marry her. I may be an object of Heaven's punishment, but she never can; and in the next world—God!—my father will not allow us the hope of being happy even there!”

Altenburg fell speechless and almost insensible on the floor; the voice of Leopold, who rushed out of the room, alarming

alarming the servants, immediate assistance was given to the fainting Baron; and his son went rapidly through the streets, which were now dark, with scarcely reason enough to find the house that he had lately left.

He passed by the servant who admitted him, and running up the stairs, he fought and burst into the apartment where Isabella and Augusta were still sitting. He caught the hand of the former, and pressed it to his lips.

“Mother, farewell!” he cried; “a long, an eternal farewell to you, dear mother!”

Isabella was terrified by his words and by his countenance, and she strove to hold him; but he put her hands from him, and, with visible agony and distraction, strained Augusta to his breast.

“This is my last embrace,” he cried, “this is my last kiss; these are the last moments my eyes will rest on you. Beloved Augusta! blessed sister! burn your bridal ornaments, for I could as well and as happily gaze on your burial clothes. Fate has sent a searching dart at me, and I am the most accursed being in the world. Bless you! bless you!”

“Oh,

“Oh, for God’s sake stay, dear Leopold!” cried Augusta.

“Away, dear girl, come not near me. I am agonized, distracted. Oh this Baron—this Baron! Take your arms from me: if you recal my love, you may perhaps make me act with dissimulation, which would afterwards doom me to purgatory. Adieu!—Another kiss! There—the world must be consumed before we meet again!”

He instantly disappeared, and Augusta, shrieking, cast herself into the arms of her affrighted mother, who was scarcely strong enough to support her. Their imaginations were

equally disturbed; and though Augusta could no longer see Warndorf, she almost raved for his return. Neither of them on that night took any rest; they watched vainly for the re-appearance of Leopold; three days however passed over, and he came not to them, but on the fourth, and after many strange suspicions had pained their minds, they received from him the letter which is transcribed beneath.

“Before me lies the far extended ocean; the vessel in which I shall within an hour embark, I see surrounded

rounded by the agitated waters ; and the wind, though it points not against us, is growing in its fury. Friends of my soul ! were the hazard an hundred times as great, and if the waves were to aim at touching the heavens, still I would be gone. I must fly from you. At a distance I must strive to erase from my heart the images set up in it by an unhappy love ; and by some means, which are yet unknown to me, endeavour to suppress a passion which I bear for my sister.

“ Augusta, I have made a strange discovery. Oh that I had ever remained ignorant of what has been

revealed, then we might have been happy indeed! It is only common reasoning to say that there can be no criminality in us, if we neither feel the consciousness of guilt ourselves, nor raise it in the minds of others. We had been blessed and virtuous without the interposition which has lately distracted me. You are the daughter of Baron Altenburg, and—I am his son. This discovery of my father was not made till the day previous to that on which I was to have married my sister. Fate was a most ingenious foe to us, and I have cursed her in every hour since the commencement of her machinations.

“ Oh,

“ Oh, what hopes have I indulged !
 What beautiful pictures have been
 sketched and tinted by my imagination !—Away all that is pleasant, all
 that is delightful ! Anguish now is
 my companion. Augusta, as a bride,
 should have warmed my heart ; but
 to despair I am indissolubly united.
 I would talk of our father, whom I
 sometimes pity, and sometimes ex-
 crate. My tongue, however, can
 scarcely speak his name, and the sinews
 of my arm contract when I attempt
 to write it. Altenburg ! thou hast
 been a cruel scourge to me, and to all
 those whom I most love and reve-
 rence ; yet, as a stranger, I esteemed
 and respected thee ; as a son—Oh ! I

shall grow' wild if I dwell on a topic like this!

“Hasten, dear friends, from England, and I entreat that neither of you will attempt to see the Baron any more. I must not, for a considerable time, appear before you again—I feel I must not; Philosophy forbids it—but if my mind can be soothed, and my heart new modelled by her precepts, I will return when I am confident of my own strength—return to Isabella and to Augusta, and be to the one of them a dutiful son, to the other an affectionate brother.

“I conjure you to depart from England immediately. I wish you to retire to my native village, and in the evenings of summer, Augusta may muse among the shades of the forest which was once dear to Leopold, and to which, in some twilight hour, he may come back with the calm steps and resignation of a pilgrim. If such a moment ever shall be, speed it, Eternal Father, and let the present agonies of my soul subside, and be forgotten! Oh! my reasonings and my feelings are strangely at variance, and my feigned resolution is mocked by my tears!

“Be

“Be stronger than Leopold, Augusta, and sooth the agitated spirits of your mother, whose pangs, I know, will be as severe as your own. Adieu, sweet girl! dear sister!—Adieu beloved mother! My only hope is that we shall meet hereafter in domestic peace. I will write to you, Augusta, again in the course of a month, and shall address you at the place I have mentioned, to which, once more, I entreat you to hasten. You shall know where I am wandering; you shall judge of the state of my heart; and when you shall think, by the characters of my letters, that I may with prudence be recalled, only say to me—
—‘Return, dear brother; the heart of
your

your sister is full of wishes to be near to you!'—Say only this, and I will fly from whatever solitude I may then be concealed in, to meet the bosom of my precious sister.

“Leopold Warndorf.”

It is a fashion with some writers, particularly of that class which is often, by dulness and affected wisdom, sneeringly called storymongers, to take leave of their readers most abruptly; and there are others among them who, for different purposes relating merely to themselves, will
carry

carry a tale beyond the interest which may have been at first excited, and cause their wounded snakes to crawl languidly and offensively in the paths from which the tired imagination is anxious to depart. Both of these modes are pretty general; and if the author of the preceding sheets should, in some circles, be thought to close the following ones rather too precipitately, he trusts that among his readers there will not be wanting those who will deem his plan more judicious than if his story had been lengthened by a yesty volume.

It was not designed that Melpomene should direct the concluding
scene

scene of this little drama, though she is the best beloved muse of the writer. Having said this, anticipation stretches no further; but it is entreated by him who must consequently be most interested, that the perusal may be continued through the few subsequent pages.

Isabella and her daughter were astonished and agonized by the letter of Leopold; the passions of the former burst forth with their accustomed violence, and the first attack that grief made on the latter had nearly proved fatal to her. The circumstances
which

which then came to their knowledge, almost seemed to exceed credibility ; still they could not doubt the truth of them. Isabella would not again dare to trust herself with the Baron ; and her unhappy child urged her to attend to Leopold's request, and also to sail by the first vessel ; to which, without a scruple, she consented.

Their voyage was quick ; during the time they were on the water, the arms of the one were scarcely an hour from the neck of the other ; and the bosom of Isabella caught many a tear which she could neither banish nor reprove.

With

With all possible speed they went forward according to Leopold's directions. When they arrived at the place of their destination, they found a small neat residence provided for them, and also a letter from their beloved friend, who had arrived with an expedition equal to their own, and departed from thence as soon as he had prepared for their accommodation.

His epistle was tender and affecting, but it boasted not of a fortitude even equal to that which he had written to them in England ; nature spoke in it oftener than philosophy, which caused the sighs of Isabella, and the
tears

tears of Augusta to be more frequent and oppressive. The latter carried it in her bosom, and many times, breaking from her mother, would she retire to the particular spots which Leopold had, with a pleasing remembrance, mentioned to her, where she would uninterruptedly weep over the sorrows of herself and of her unhappy brother.

The rigours of winter had been succeeded by a most lovely spring, and the various treasures of a still later season were beginning to shew themselves in every sunny day. They continued to hear from Leopold very frequently, but there was for a considerable time, a strange irregularity in
his

his letters ; afterwards, however, reason and prudence grew stronger within him, and in autumn he sent his sister a full narrative of his wanderings, which was generally written with apparent calmness, and almost entirely divested of those characters which had before so greatly alarmed Augusta, to whom his growing philosophy was a necessary lesson.

She became more happy and composed, and was anxious to recal her beloved brother in the manner his first letter had intimated ; but her mother, though not less desirous than herself of seeing him, opposed it for the present, as she had more seriously reflected

reflected on the qualities of the alien's soul, than ever her daughter had done.

They had now been seven months in Germany, and another having followed, the despoiler of Nature's beauties began, in a voice of hoarseness, to announce his determined approach. Isabella's health was somewhat impaired, and Augusta noticed it with great concern ; she was, however, desirous to check her apprehensions, and her mother, whose disorder arose in the mind, spoke of it with seeming indifference.

One

One evening they returned from walking in the forest, which was strewn with the fallen leaves ; and as they entered their house, the servant delivered a note to Augusta, which hastily opening, she found to contain the following words.

“ Tremble not, dear girl, when I tell you that I am but a little distance from you. Separation is no longer necessary, for I would live with you as a friend and relation. Without your permission I will not approach ; but send it, and in the course of an hour Leopold and Augusta shall meet.”

“ Mother !”

“Mother!” she cried, in a manner which at once spoke both joy and pain, “mother!”

“Let him come to us instantly,” said Isabella; “my excellent, my beloved Warndorf!”

Augusta ran to a table, and quickly wrote—“Return, dear brother, the heart of your sister is full of wishes to be near to you!”—With this the messenger departed. Isabella was agitated, and the breath of Augusta was nearly gone. They scarcely spoke to each other afterwards, and their eyes were fixed upon the door, which was in less than the time that had been mentioned;

mentioned, opened by the expected Leopold, who rushed forward, and enfolded them both in his arms.

Neither of the young people could command any words, and even the firmer Isabella was, for a considerable time, necessarily silent; at length, however, she interposed between her children and their sensibilities, and welcomed Leopold with a smile, which she wished to see spread upon his own pale face. His countenance confessed to her that he had suffered much; but she found that his mind had not excluded the rays of reason, and that the conquest over his once

strong passions had been a noble one. He did not speak directly of his disappointments, nor did he allude to his father, the principal author of them ; still he had wishes in his heart which he dared not to reveal, and which, he was assured, must be banished from thence before happiness could again take its station in his bosom, or the hue of health be discoverable on his cheek. The look of regret which he first cast on Augusta was indeed forcible ; but he seemed to reprove himself for it, and also to be afterwards guided by the best instincts of affection and of kindred.

After

After the first half hour was passed, he much surprised his friends, by telling them that he had an acquaintance waiting for him at a little distance.

Retiring for a while, he returned, and, to the astonishment of Isabella and Augusta, he was accompanied by Afterley, by whom they were informed that he and Leopold had lately by chance met at Hamburgh. This singular event he did not further account for; and a deep blush was on his face, while he acknowledged thus much to Augusta, who, amid all her pleasures, felt an embarrassment from which she could have wished to be freed.

Afterley had given her true information. From the mistress of the house that he had so abruptly left, he learned some of the particulars which have been related. When his astonishment had decreased, his love grew still stronger on the intelligence; the sorrows of his friend, and his own secret hopes alternately pained and pleased him; and knowing the case of Leopold to be unalterable, he indulged an expectation which was a restorative to his languid spirits.

He was sorry that he had not been earlier apprized of that extraordinary event, as he did not return to his lodgings for upwards of five months; but

but the world containing no other object so dear to him as Augusta, he resolved to seek her immediately in Germany, and in some proper season to express to her those sentiments which the impetuosity and resentment of Leopold had, on a former occasion, drawn from him. He was an adventurer, whose heart was often cheered by hope, and often saddened by apprehension. He embarked for Hamburgh; but owing to the necessity of putting back again, and to the shifting of the wind after he had a second time left the harbour, the voyage was long almost beyond example.

The meeting between him and Leopold, which happened the third day after he had disembarked, was regarded by both of them as somewhat extraordinary; and from his altered friend, who had been nearly a fortnight at Hamburgh, Afterley found that he had not been misinformed, and also that Leopold would no longer oppose him as a lover, but willingly take him by the hand, and give him the name of brother. Leopold was now very desirous of his recal;—still fore with those wounds which had been made by the rod of affliction, he entreated the young Englishman not to speak too often of the past occurrences: they travelled together from

from Hamburgh to the residence of Isabella, and the unexpected meeting has been already described.

They again formed a family, as they had done in England. The winter lingered, and spring succeeded; and while the forest was still blooming with flowers, and the cheeks of Leopold were again collecting their former tints, Afterley took Augusta as a bride to the altar. Isabella smiled upon the union, and the surpliced priest was not more devout than Leopold. He seemed, all the time they were in the house of holiness, to be imploring the blessings of the Power to whose service it was dedi-

o 4

cated;

cated; and when the ceremony was over, he pressed the hand of the husband, and kissed the cheek of the bride, saying—"God bless thee, brother! God bless thee, sister!"

* * * * *

Poetical justice certainly does not demand the sacrifice which is going to be made; but as the happiness of two persons must ever be preferred to that of one, and supposing truth is intended to apply to some particular parts of this narrative, the original design will be executed.

How melancholy would it be to believe that Virtue meets all her rewards on this side of the grave! It
is

is known, and often seen, that her garments are poor, even to beggary; that she is pained by hunger, and shrivelled by cold; and that, if she could deck herself with the gems of the East, the heart which she carries within her bosom, must sometimes be a mere receptacle of pains and miseries. The mind, to be perfectly content, must travel beyond the limitations of human life; the chief consolation lies in the thereafter; and whatever it is, he who expects least must, comparing the coming with the past, look for things vast and infinite.

Thou, Christiana, hast discovered them, for on thy fair and innocent

breast there is a weight which will not be removed till all thy beauties shall have been mingled with the dust.

The Baronefs died in England, and the child which ſhe bore perished ſoon after its mother. Altenburg ſtood deſpairingly by the ſide of her bed ; but when he ſaw her departing, he cried—“ Wife ! Chriſtiana ! look at me again !—Live, live, dear wife, and be happy ! ”—She made a laſt effort, and threw one of her arms, the other being lifeleſs, around his neck ; no dying ſaint ever ſmiled more heavenly. She touched him with her lips, and faintly articulating—“ I am happy ! ” ſhe ſunk gently down, and never roſe again !

Altenburg

Altenburg seemed still desirous of persuading himself that she was not dead. He pressed her wrist, he laid his hand near her heart, but he did not touch a single active nerve. He put his mouth to her lips, from which no breath issued, and he gazed on her eyes, in which he read a strange and full confirmation that they would never open again. It was a shriek rather than a groan that then passed from him; he sunk, giddy and insensible, by the side of the corpse, from which the attendants soon removed him; and it was a considerable time before the sense of his misery again returned to torture him. Mrs. Gardiner could afford him but little consolation;

solation ; she was herself too much afflicted to discourse on fortitude and resignation, for she had loved her niece with the tenderest affection, and now mourned her dissolution with the deepest regret.

Christiana, it seemed, had entertained some manner of presentiment of her fate ; and though she was unwilling to alarm her beloved husband, she had, on the day preceding her death, requested that her remains, in case she was destined to fall so early, might be conveyed to Germany, and deposited in the vault that had been erected for her parents. Altenburg afterwards executed this melancholy

business : his adieu to Mrs. Gardiner bespoke his agony ; he hung over the shell that contained the body till his arrival at his own country ; and having laid the corpse in the cold family recess, he fled from society and loquacious pity !

Six months, apparently lengthened to years by melancholy, he passed without hailing a single friend ; in the beginning of the seventh, however, his respected Stendal was near his heart ; and as the Count, his wife, and his family remained some considerable time with him, they served greatly to amend the dissonance of his mind. But after they parted, his spirits were
again

again depressed, and the energies seemed to have flown beyond recall.

Christiana had been dead a twelve-month, and he still thought of her loss with extreme sorrow ; other objects, however, now began to be equally dear to his memory. Many painful ideas had often dwelt upon Isabella and his children—ideas which it was almost madness to harbour, and difficult to banish ; and he wished it possible that a re-union between him and the dear companion of many of his happier years could be effected. But he feared that his transgressions and sins had been too many : Isabella could never love him again—Augusta could.

could never forgive him—and his conduct towards his son had perhaps driven him to commit some act of desperation.

Such were his apprehensions, and they long deterred his purpose; at length, however, he enquired for Isabella, of whom he could learn nothing: it then remained for him to seek for his son. The village was the only place to which he could direct himself, and on repairing thither, to his surprise, he discovered that it contained all those for whom he was seeking.

It was early day when he arrived
at

at the hamlet ; and before noon, as he was sitting at the window of the inn, he saw his son go by, rosy, beautiful, and blooming. “ Warndorf ! ” he cried. He started up, he threw out his arms, and attempted to follow ; but his limbs grew weak, he panted, his heart beat violently, and he sunk down again, blinded by the quick flood of his tears.

In less than half an hour he also saw Augusta treading the path that Leopold had left behind ; she was smiling on the handsome Afterley, who bore in his arms a cherub, fair and sweet as its mother had been in her infancy.

Altenburg’s

Altenburg's eyes followed them into a meadow at some little distance, where they were soon joined by Warndorf. They all sat down on a green bank ; the child was passed from the arms of one of them to another ; Asterley tossed it in the air, and Leopold playfully wove a wreath of wild flowers, and twined it around the laughing sprite, who soon after clung to the milky breast of its mother.

“These are my children,” cried Altenburg, “and yet I must not embrace them ; these are my children, yet they would all disown and execrate their father !”

He

He was nearly choked and blinded by his passions ; but he looked again on the happy group ; he felt a growing resolution ; he left the house, and stealing softly behind the hedge, soon arrived near the spot where they were still sitting. They all were smiling on the child, who laughed while he banquetted, and put forth one of his snowy arms to his father and uncle, while he exultingly retained the yielding nipple between his rosy lips.

The heart of Altenburg was bursting. He forced the fence, rushed forward with rapidity, and at the time he threw his head into the lap of his daughter, he also seized the hand of
his

his son, and drew it to his breast.—

“Now,” he cried, “now for the final curse, or healing blessing! Daughter, is it love, or everlasting hate? Son, you must now either free my heart from misery, or deprive it of every buoyant hope for ever! Speak, speak, dear children!”

Neither of them *could* speak—
Augusta gave the babe to Afterley; a strange broken sound issued from her mouth, and she threw herself on the neck of her father. The countenance of Leopold grew pale; he rose, staggering, from the ground, his arms mingled with those of his sister, and
the

the faces of both were hidden in the breast of Altenburg.

There was a pause of several minutes, broken only by their sobs. When the father raised his head, one of his children kissed him with love and rapture; and when he stretched forth his hand, the other pressed it fervently, and shed filial tears upon it. All was forgiven, resentment was not named—love, eternal love, was vowed by the parent and by his offspring.

The discovery was, within a few hours, made by Augusta to her mother, whose fortitude had scarcely ever, on any occasion, been so much affected;
her

her passions rose not with violence ; she wept while she said that a re-union could never take place, and mournfully begged that she might not be urged to it. Augusta was kneeling before, and pleading to her, when Leopold entered, and having carried his sister out of the room, he returned with Altenburg, and placed the weeping Isabella in his arms.

“Mother!” he cried, “I have sworn to bury all enmity, and to live with my father as kindred should live, loving and beloved. The completion of our happiness depends on you alone ; you can harmonize every thing that has sounded like discord ; do it, therefore

therefore—do it, dear mother, and God's blessings will thereafter shine over our heads like summer clouds."

He then left them; but in the course of an hour, and accompanied by his sister and by her husband, he returned; when he found that a tender reconciliation had been effected, and that the Church was to sanction the renewed loves of Altenburg and Isabella.

Their embraces were repeated.—Altenburg, in the name of God, blessed his daughter, her Asterley, and their infant; he kissed, with delightful emotions, the cheek of his beloved Isabella, and in the arms of Leopold, and while
his

his eyes were fixed on the beautiful face of his son, he murmured—"Oh my dear boy, this pleasure, though late, is delightful! From this hour I will neither yield thee to, nor be separated from thee by any power except that to which we all must yield!"

F I N I S.



EANE, MINERVA PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.

Just published, by the same Author,

MAD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

IN TWO VOLUMES, 12MO.

Price 7s. sewed.

RARE BOOK ROOM



THE UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA
LIBRARY

PR5499

.S31

L4

V.2

